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NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

October 3, 1939

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I Saw the War Start *by Sasha Small*

Art for the People's Sake *by Art Young*

Writers Close Ranks *by Ella Winter*

Soldier! Soldier! *A Story by Alvah C. Bessie*

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Between Ourselves

Now is the time for all good men and women to find out what it is all about. And the working class of the world together with those who sympathize with their needs are finding it out. Here is a letter, for instance, from a man who suddenly found out what was the matter with Trotskyites as a result of the world events of the past few weeks. He signs himself "ex-Trotskyite," but the reader will understand his real position:

"When I first became interested in Socialism several years ago I came under the influence of Trotskyites, although of course I was innocent of their peculiar character. I have been more of a dabbler than anything, I suppose, but I was sure of being a 'Socialist.' My Trotskyist friends used to spend what seemed to be 95 percent of their time running down the Soviet Union, and I never became active with them because they never seemed to be for anything. Just full of facts about 'Stalinism,' etc.

"Like everyone else these last few weeks I got back into politics, you might say. I read the 'Guide to the Crisis,' which NEW MASSES published on the pact. There was nothing in this new situation that brought out my unexpressed longing for something actually to happen on a positive side. Looking at it from almost any light, the Russians had certainly begun to throw their weight around and the dull, hopeless betrayals of Spain and Czechoslovakia were no more.

"After reading more, and luckily running into a fellow I never knew was a Communist, I began to realize that Socialism was actually something real. That is, I mean the workers run things and that they were taking a powerful hand in the mess. That's what I want. I always wanted it, but my Trotskyist friends didn't talk the language. Rather they *did* talk the language, but acted otherwise.

"When the Red Army marched into Poland, I really knew then that Socialism is coming. Hitler won't enslave western Poland; Socialism will free it. I want to join the Communist Party and begin to learn more."

With the department stores and text book houses doing a land office business on this year's crop of undergraduates, we are glad to know that one NM reader has found a place for us in his son's fall outfitting. He writes: "Kindly accept the enclosed subscription for my son, who is starting this fall at the University of ——. My check is also enclosed for the full year and he will no doubt advise you where he wants the MASSES sent during vacation next summer.

"In these days of fast moving events, I wouldn't consider his education even begun without the clarifying guidance of the MASSES. Shouldn't all thoughtful parents do this for their children—if they can possibly afford to (I happen to feel that they can't afford not to!)—or fond grandparents, uncles, aunts or whoever has $4.50 to spare?"

As autumn begins and the campus throbs again from Dartmouth to Stanford, NEW MASSES gets scores more of letters from collegiate America. The youth want to know. NM welcomes these questions for we consider the colleges a vital sector of our work. You're welcome any time of day or night. Write.

Our West Coast office is happy to announce that the West Coast NM ball will be held at the Riverside Breakfast Club, Riverside Drive, Los Angeles, on Armistice night, Saturday, November 11. Reservations and tickets may be had through the NM office, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard. Phone Gladstone 8367.

Frederick Hier

Art Young

Art Young was battling for the people when most of the editors of NM were in short pants. America's most beloved cartoonist, his career dates back to the 1880's when the first great wave of labor action took place in this country. As a jaunty cartoonist for a midwest daily he was sent to many of these actions —in lieu of cameramen—and he saw at first hand many of the sights that set him on the leftward path. Art's most famous works have been collected in several books: "Trees at Night," "Inferno," and the "Best of Art Young." He finished the first installment of his autobiography, "On My Way," back in 1928. His forthcoming book, we expect, will bring him up to date. We trust we shall be around when he revises that book once more some decades hence.

Who's Who

LUCIEN ZACHAROFF is the author of *This Is War,* a book examining the military resources and probable strategies of modern warfare. Written before the war broke out in Europe, it has double significance today. He has appeared before in NM . . . Sasha Small has just returned from Europe, where she studied the plight of that continent's many refugees. She is connected with the International Labor Defense . . . Ella Winter, author of *Red Virtue,* has appeared frequently in NM. She is now on the West Coast writing a book about the movies . . . Joseph Starobin is a frequent contributor to these pages . . . Alvah Bessie, author of several other novels, has just completed *Men in Battle,* based on his experiences as a member of the International Brigade in Spain. The book will be published in October.

Flashbacks

MEMO TO CHAMBERLAIN: You, as a patient appeaser will recognize that the first effort does not always get the desired result immediately. It is therefore a particular pleasure to point out that the First International (International Workingmen's Association) began in London, Sept. 28, 1864. In London, not Moscow—and we understand why you look askance at the bird that English capitalism hatched lest it come home to roost while your attention is momentarily diverted by your game of peekaboo with Hitler. . . . Memo to certain liberals who, like corn in a popper on a fire, are just now hopping violently about and bursting into little white puffs of reaction: There were liberals in the last war who were not fooled by capitalist propaganda. Lincoln Steffens noted with justifiable amazement on Sept. 30, 1917, "I'm not arrested yet," but adding, "Everybody else is." He referred to the arrest, among others, of Bill Haywood and scores of IWW's on Sept. 28. . . . And a memo to those who feel that last week's celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Bill of Rights will put a stop to Martin Dies anti-democratic activities: Even in peace time, jail has awaited a peaceful working class spokesman. Earl Browder, Communist candidate for president, was arrested in Terre Haute, Indiana, on Sept. 30, 1936, on charges of vagrancy. . . . Oh, yes, and a memo to Mussolini, the peacemaker: You invaded Ethiopia on Oct. 2, 1935.

This Week

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES

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The Press Eats Its Words

The newsmongers' did their best, but History caught up with them. New admissions that the Soviets balked Hitler on the East. An editorial article.

TRUTH has long legs and sooner or later it catches up. In the case of the Soviet occupation of certain territories formerly under Polish rule the truth has moved fast indeed. It is crashing through the no man's land of falsehood and misrepresentation which separated it from public opinion throughout the world. And even the capitalist press is beginning to retreat. The truth about the welcome given to the advancing Red Army by the people of western Ukraine and Byelo Russia has thrust its way into isolated sentences and paragraphs in practically every newspaper. And now the truth about the political meaning of the latest Soviet move and the non-aggression pact that paved the way for it is also beginning to emerge.

On Monday, September 18, the leading editorial in the New York *Times* bore the title: "The Russian Betrayal." On Monday, September 25, the *Times* leading editorial was headlined: "Russian 'Help' to Germany." (Note the quotes around "Help.") On September 18, the *Times* shrieked, as did the rest of the brass-check press, that the USSR "will play the noble role of hyena to the German lion." It declared that the march of the Red Army "will sweep illusions from millions of minds," said illusions being the naive belief that Communism and fascism are unalterably opposed. One week later it wrote: "It is entirely possible that under the guise of an 'understanding,' if not an 'alliance,' the two countries are working toward mutually antagonistic goals." And after pointing to the unusual territorial concessions Germany was compelled to give the Soviet Union, the *Times* went on to cite figures which explode another myth that it and its journalistic bedmates so diligently fabricated: that Germany will receive substantial economic aid from the USSR.

Illusions are indeed being swept from millions of minds. With each day it becomes clearer that the march of the Red Army *is the greatest blow to world imperialism since the Bolshevik Revolution.* Fourteen million people, Ukrainians, Byelo Russians, Jews, and Poles, have been rescued from the horrors of war and fascist rule. Fourteen million people have been given the opportunity of a bloodless non-violent transition to Socialism and full freedom. Never has the peaceful, liberating role of Socialism been more clearly demonstrated.

That this blow has been struck at the expense of the Nazis is a symptom of the weakness of German fascism and the world imperialist system of which it is the predatory vanguard. Hitler has conquered the Polish state, but he has suffered at the hands of the USSR the greatest defeat of his entire career. The New York *World-Telegram* tells the story in a single headline: "War's First Phase Ends with Soviet as Sole Victor." Inevitably this defeat of German fascism must strengthen the popular forces of democracy and peace throughout the world. Those, including certain liberals, who cackled so loudly at NEW MASSES' evaluation of the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact, are now confounded by events.

From London and Paris are coming belated admissions of the true character of Soviet relations with Germany. "Judging the situation as a whole," cabled Augur, the unofficial spokesman of the British foreign office, to the New York *Times* of September 22, "London regards the Russo-German pact as giving to Herr Hitler a momentary advantage but in reality representing a grave German defeat, the dimensions of which will be seen completely only when, as the British see it, defeat comes to Germany." Lloyd George, in an article in the September 24 issue of the Philadelphia *Record*—which was ignored by every New York newspaper except the *Daily Worker*—after sharply assailing British failure to aid Poland, declared:

> There is now an almost complete reversal of opinion as to the motive and effect of Stalin's move. There are grounds to agree with the conclusions expressed by Bernard Shaw in his characteristic letter to the London *Times* a few days ago—puckish in expression, penetrating in judgment. His view is that it was a "thus far and no farther" warning to Herr Hitler. The advance of the Russian army to the border of Rumania and Hungary strengthens that conviction.

What this means for Eastern Europe is indicated in a London dispatch by Raymond Daniell in Sunday's New York *Times*. He writes:

> As the real purport of the Russian intervention emerges from the chiaroscuro of intrigue, it is becoming more apparent that despite the chortles from Berlin, the action of the Soviet has checked the German advance eastward and checkmated whatever designs Herr Hitler had upon Rumania.

The full significance of this becomes clear when it is remembered that, as our London cable by Richard Goodman points out, Hitler's chief objective in starting the war was the subjugation of Eastern Europe. The historic drive of German imperialism has been brought to an abrupt halt. And the assassination of Premier Calinescu of Rumania is now seen as Hitler's last desperate attempt to stem the tide at the very moment that the Red Army was occupying the Ukrainian-Rumanian border, barring the way to the Nazis. This turn of events has not been lost on other Balkan states. Jugoslavia has started negotiations for the recognition of the USSR, and Hungary has practically repudiated the anti-Comintern pact she signed at the beginning of the year by resuming diplomatic relations with the Soviets. In the words of Henry de Kerillis' *L'Epoque,* semi-official organ of the French General Staff: "Thus all these peoples [in the Balkans], and even the Rumanian, which is not Slav, so far at the mercy of German force, are now able to lift their heads." In other words, the USSR has saved not only those 14,000,000 people who have come under Soviet rule, but the people in the small Balkan countries as well. And one may add the Baltic states too.

The action of the Soviet Union is a defeat not only for Hitler, but for Chamberlain and Daladier as well. It was Chamberlain and Daladier who sacrificed Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, seeking to direct fascist expansion eastward and ultimately precipitate a war between Germany and the Soviet Union. Their efforts have ended, as Stalin predicted last March, in a fiasco for themselves. And no part of that fiasco is greater than the latest chapter: the retreat of fascism and the advance of Socialism to a new large territory. While British and French imperialism would like to put their German rival "in its place," particularly in regard to ensuring its collaboration in an anti-Soviet crusade, the very last thing they desire is the downfall of fascism and the victory of German democracy. But with Germany's eastward thrust hurled back, with the base of Socialism extended westward, with the establishment of a common border between East Prussia and the new Soviet territory, do not Chamberlain and Daladier, as well as Hitler, see the handwriting on the wall? Or will it be necessary for the British and French people to teach them to read?

For the American people the Soviet

(Continued on page 21)

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The Balkans Turn to the Soviet Union

Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Turkey, and Esthonia now are negotiating closer ties with the USSR. The genius of Soviet diplomacy and the sell-out of the Second International.

London, Sept. 18 (By Cable).

With all but a handful of old and never failing enemies of the Soviet Union now hurriedly eating everything they said last week about the march of the Red Army, realistic observers are sitting down calmly to work out the actual as opposed to the imaginary consequences and implications of this most sensational development not only of the war, but perhaps of the whole period since the crushing of the counter-revolutionary intervention by the young workers' and peasants' Red Army after the last "great war." Here in brief is what is being said:

That the Soviet action and the clocklike efficiency and rapidity with which it is being carried out came as the greatest possible surprise to Berlin. For it is stated on excellent authority here that when naturally the situation arising from the German attack on Poland was discussed in Moscow the USSR warned Germany that she could not sit by and watch indifferently the penetration of the German armies into former Soviet areas. But Berlin never expected that the precautionary Red Army mobilization would be followed by the sensational, and (even for the German General Staff, who have never underrated the efficiency of the Red Army) surprisingly rapid advance of Soviet troops across the frontier to make sure this warning was heeded. Confronted, then, with this unexpected turn in the situation, and well understanding the consequences of any attempt to resist Voroshilov's men, the Third Reich humbled itself once more and sent Reichswehr representatives to Moscow to accept all the Soviet demands. (In this connection it is pointed out that, with the collapse of the Polish state and the Polish Army, the army of the USSR has only carried into practice what she has repeatedly stated she would do in the event of a threat to her security—meet the potential enemy, only in this case *beyond* the Soviet garden.)

THE RED ARMY MARCHED

The result of all this was that the Red Army occupied the whole of the Rumanian and Hungarian frontiers and prevented the Nazis from getting the Galician oil wells. Thus at one stroke not only was Nazi pressure on both these countries eased, but an unbreakable red wall was built across the Nazi path to the oil and wheat of the Balkans, a red wall against which has been shattered the never before renounced dreams of German imperialism as expressed in *Mein Kampf*. The implications of this revolution in the strategic map of Europe, and especially for the Allied struggle, are naturally enormous. Consider what is already happening in the Balkans. A few weeks ago Bulgaria was resigned to economic absorption by Germany by reason of the Nazi stranglehold on her trade. Now, however, according to information from Berlin, the USSR is taking over the major part of Bulgarian exports, and the Bulgarians breathe again.

HUNGARY AND RUMANIA

Then there is Hungary. In one stroke relations severed early in February by the USSR because Hungary joined the now defunct anti-Comintern pact and was politically and economically subservient to Germany have been resumed, and for the first time the Horthy government, which came to power twenty years ago after crushing Hungarian Soviet power, will enter into full normal diplomatic relations with the workers' and peasants' state. Rumania too is greatly reassured, and although the cowardly assassination of Premier Calinescu has—as it was probably intended to—temporarily turned Rumania's thoughts elsewhere, all observers are agreed that an important reorientation of Bucharest's policy—probably a return toward the old Titulescu line—will not be long in manifesting itself. Commenting on these developments the London *News Chronicle* Copenhagen correspondent, who is well informed on Berlin reactions, writes:

> With the automatic precision of a draughts player taking three of his opponents' pieces, in one move Molotov has snapped up Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, and Turkey and is negotiating with Hungary. The prospect of Russian treaties with these powers has caused the utmost dismay in Berlin, for the whole war is being fought so that Germany can rule Eastern and Central Europe, and the advantages are all accruing to Russia as the Balkan powers turn to the Soviet, the only state which they feel can protect them against the Reich.

Finally, of course, the center of intense diplomatic activity consequent upon the Soviet action are the Soviet-Turkish negotiations, in which the Turkish Foreign Minister, Saracoglu, three important Turkish foreign office officials, and the Soviet Ambassador, Tankara Terentiev, are participating. The importance of these discussions cannot be overstressed. Turkey, the most important power in Southeastern Europe, has always maintained the closest and most cordial relations with the USSR, to whom the new Turkey owes so much.

CLOSE UNDERSTANDINGS

While it is naturally unwise to speculate on the possible outcome of the present talks, it is safe to say that there will result not only still closer understanding between the two countries, but probably an understanding which will result sooner or later in the formation of a bloc of all the Southeastern European powers under Soviet and Turkish leadership, a bloc which not only will be unassailable by Germany but also by fascist Italy. Certainly one can prophesy that at least the perspective of the conclusion of some form of Black Sea pact will be opened. Nor is this likely to prevent Turkey from implementing her pact with England in case the war spreads to the eastern Mediterranian and Turkey is forced to fight with the Allies against an Italy ranged alongside Germany. On the contrary, it will strengthen Turkey as an ally of the Western powers and even possibly reopen the prospects of an Anglo-Soviet rapprochement, centering this time not on Poland but on Central and Southeast Europe, should London so desire. So much for the Southeast. The same process is beginning in the Baltic. First in the field here is Esthonia, who has also sent her Foreign Minister, Karl Selter, to Moscow. Closer Soviet-Esthonian cooperation, political as well as economic, will, it is believed here, be followed by closer Lithuanian-Soviet and Latvian-Soviet relations, developments which will revolutionize the strategic map of the Baltic as radically as the parallel developments in Southeast Europe are revolutionizing the strategic map there. In other words, the small countries whose independence and integrity Britain and France refused to guarantee during the negotiations for a tripartite defense pact are now to get that guarantee, to all intents and purposes, thanks to the action of the Soviet Union alone. And what perhaps is most significant is the fact that the previous objections of these countries to friendship seem to have been forgotten. We are indeed witnessing the birth of a gigantic Eastern European anti-aggression front, whose possibility even was not imagined a few weeks ago—except of course by those great Bolsheviks who are leading the Socialist Soviet Union and the real Socialists of the whole world. In such a situation, therefore, the attitude of the leaders of Social Democracy stands revealed as being that of the most reactionary counter-revolutionary groups in the capitalist class. These people, who all along have attacked and slandered the land of Socialism and have been anti-fascist so long as they could see the possibility of fighting fascism to the last Abyssinian, Chinese, Spaniard, and Soviet toiler while they sat comfortably writing patronizing editorials, shrieked out their protests when it was revealed in the Moscow trials that they were intriguing with the bloc of rights and Trotskyites for the dismemberment and destruction of the land of Socialism. But they have now been fully exposed, self-exposed by their demands—carefully veiled, of course—for war against the USSR.

RICHARD GOODMAN.

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Inside the Neutrality Lobbies

Far bigger issues than the mere form of our "neutrality" lurk beneath the Congressional maneuvering on the embargo. A discussion article.

WATCHFUL waiting may not be a heroic policy. But it is only the better part of both wisdom and valor to approach the present legislative struggle in Congress with utmost caution. The problem is to differentiate between what men *say* and what they *mean*. Obviously, not all who mouth the phrase "Keep America out of war" can be relied upon for program and policy.

Millions of people on both sides of the neutrality issue are suspicious, first, as to the character of the war in Europe; second, as to the character of some of the forces jockeying for positions behind the President.

Millions of people are groping for a more fundamental understanding of the issues: an understanding that will dig beneath the legal forms of both neutrality and cooperation with England and France. The masses sense that laws in themselves may not provide safeguards against American involvement in the present war in Europe. A deeper reorientation of classes and groups within classes is proceeding under the cover of a legislative struggle.

It will not do to simplify a problem that can be understood only in its complexity. One fact emerges: the Republican Party is divided on foreign policy. Vandenberg opposes the repeal of the embargo because he reckons, as he declared in his Grand Rapids speech ten days ago, it highly unlikely that support of the President in this aspect of foreign policy will give the Republicans a crowbar-hold against the New Deal. Frank Kent, writing in the *Wall Street Journal,* September 20, asks whether or not "John Hancock, and other business conservatives named on the new War Resources Board, and brought into the Treasury" may not be "window dressing, and nothing else." "The whole business is bunk," says Kent . . . "it is essential [for the President] to put men of that type on the Resources Board and a good political gesture at a time when the appeal for abandonment of partisanship is being made. . . ."

Ex-Governor Landon also has his doubts. But he considers it necessary at least to make the attempt. Himself agreeable toward economic support for the Allied powers, Landon nevertheless hesitates to back the President so fully as to decide *in advance* the outcome of the Republican and Democratic conventions next summer.

The most pro-fascist circles take the next logical step. Refusing to play ball with the President at all, on the grounds that decisions of policy must await their accession to power, sinister figures such as Father Coughlin, Charles Lindbergh, and others attempt to build their positions by exploiting demagogically the popular sentiment against involvement in the war. Bitterly opposed to the New Deal, and what the people have taken it to mean, these groups, in both parties, are ready to involve America in war only on certain, well-defined terms. Lindbergh did not hesitate to define these terms in advance. "These wars in Europe," some one wrote for him in his recent radio address, "are not wars in which Europe is defending itself against some Asiatic intruder. There is no Genghis Khan or Xerxes marching against our western nations. . . ."

The implication here, of course, is that if there were a Genghis Khan with his Asiatic hordes, why *then,* and *not until then,* should America fight. It does not require unusual sophistication to understand such talk. Hamilton Fish made the point less subtly on his return from the European jaunt which cost American taxpayers $10,000. "The countries over there," he said on the gangplank, "would double-cross you overnight. Britain made a lot of promises to Poland, and didn't send a battalion to help her. You will be able to settle Britain's motives in forty-eight hours. *If she declares war on Russia, then it is in sincere idealism* [italics mine, J. S.). If not, then it is the old balance of power again."

COPPERHEAD HITCH HIKERS

Among the Democrats, of course, the deceptive thing is the behavior of the copperheads. Those who collaborated to bury neutrality revision at the last session of Congress, appear to go to bat for revision in a big way now. Their calculation also is to smother the domestic bulwarks represented for the masses by the New Deal. Obviously their only chance is to ride the Roosevelt coattails, in order to steer his path, or weigh him down.

Some revisionists are going much further than the President. Writing in the New York *Times* for September 23, Charles Hurd reports that "all of those participating in the bill-drafting meeting today were reticent to an extreme degree, but it was learned that a long time was taken up by serious discussion as to the probable public reaction to a proposal, actually to eliminate the 'cash' from the so-called 'cash and carry' program. . . ."

ENTER MR. MORGAN

That is the rub! Under the cover of the idea that "cash and carry" represents a safe departure from the embargo, under cover of the President's *logic,* if not with his *consent,* the bill-drafting senators plan to supply arms to belligerents (that is the Allies) on credits, rather than cash. Is this why J. P. Morgan was confident that his former customers would naturally re-engage their broker in previous deals? Is this not reason for suspicion over the drive to repeal the embargo? The campaign to retain the embargo, inspired by Hearst and Coughlin, is equally suspicious.

Another argument insists that wartime trade, short of war itself, will really bring prosperity. Already the business index has jumped to 99.8 from 92 only three weeks ago. The truth is that so far the boom has only brought higher prices to the American housewife, that is, a wage reduction for the American worker. Whatever prosperity there is, is speculative. The National Association of Purchasing Agents reports last week that "business is better and prices are higher, but the fact is that inventories being accumulated is bringing this about rather than any widespread pick-up in actual consumptive demand." Business improvement is due to an accumulation of stocks in anticipation of a flourishing trade with the Allies, presumably a trade that will last for a considerable time. Yet, on the other hand, most of the more thoughtful business advisers caution against overexpansion in expectation of a boom.

Lionel Edie, a financial adviser, speaking before an advertisers' convention, emphasized that "the weaknesses of the present situation consist in (1) the important part which the inventory scramble has played in the present upturn, (2) *lack of fundamental confidence on the part of business men, with the war giving less assurance than previously that the New Deal will not be with us after 1940,* (3) a rise in taxation, and (4) *no important change in labor legislation, and the national administration of such legislation*" [italics mine. J. S.].

Here is a clear tip to big business to utilize the war situation in order to scuttle New Deal reforms and the New Deal itself.

No doubt the President, and many sections of the New Deal, including almost all liberals, pose the question: After all, would you have Hitler win? Ought we not withdraw that negative advantage which the embargo gives to Hitler? Ought we not help shorten the war? After all, our friends are fighting it, no matter what you may think of them.

But this line of reasoning places the problem incorrectly. Realistic anti-fascists cannot agree that the victory of Chamberlain and Daladier over Hitler would safeguard democracy in Britain and France, or bring democracy to the peoples of Germany and Europe. The foreign policy of any government is a product of its domestic policy. The prosecution of the war by Chamberlain and Daladier is but a continuation of the betrayal of the interests of the British and French peoples long before the war broke out. It is but a continuation of their intense antipathy to the democratic movements in the colonies; it epitomizes their fundamental antagonism to the Soviet Union, against whom they tried to direct the Nazi Golem. The masses of

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Britain and France think they are fighting for democracy; indeed, democracy may result (can only result) as a product of the struggle of the masses. But our policies cannot be based on the delusions (which will be dissipated with time) that now beset the British and French peoples.

If it is true that Chamberlain desires the overthrow of Hitlerism, it is *not* true that under Chamberlain's ægis, the German peoples will secure freedom. So long as Chamberlain and Daladier rule England and France, expressing the dominant orientation of the classes they represent, there can only be: (a) an agreement with German fascism, although not necessarily with Hitler, for cessation of hostilities; (b) a long, bitter, brutal struggle, out of which can come either a war against the Soviet Union, or else another Versailles, imposed upon the German people more brutally than ever before; or (c), as part of either (a) or (b), the revolutionary action of the masses in Central Europe, resisting both war and Versailles, in a revolutionary not an imperialist fashion, which would promise the liberation of the French and British peoples as well.

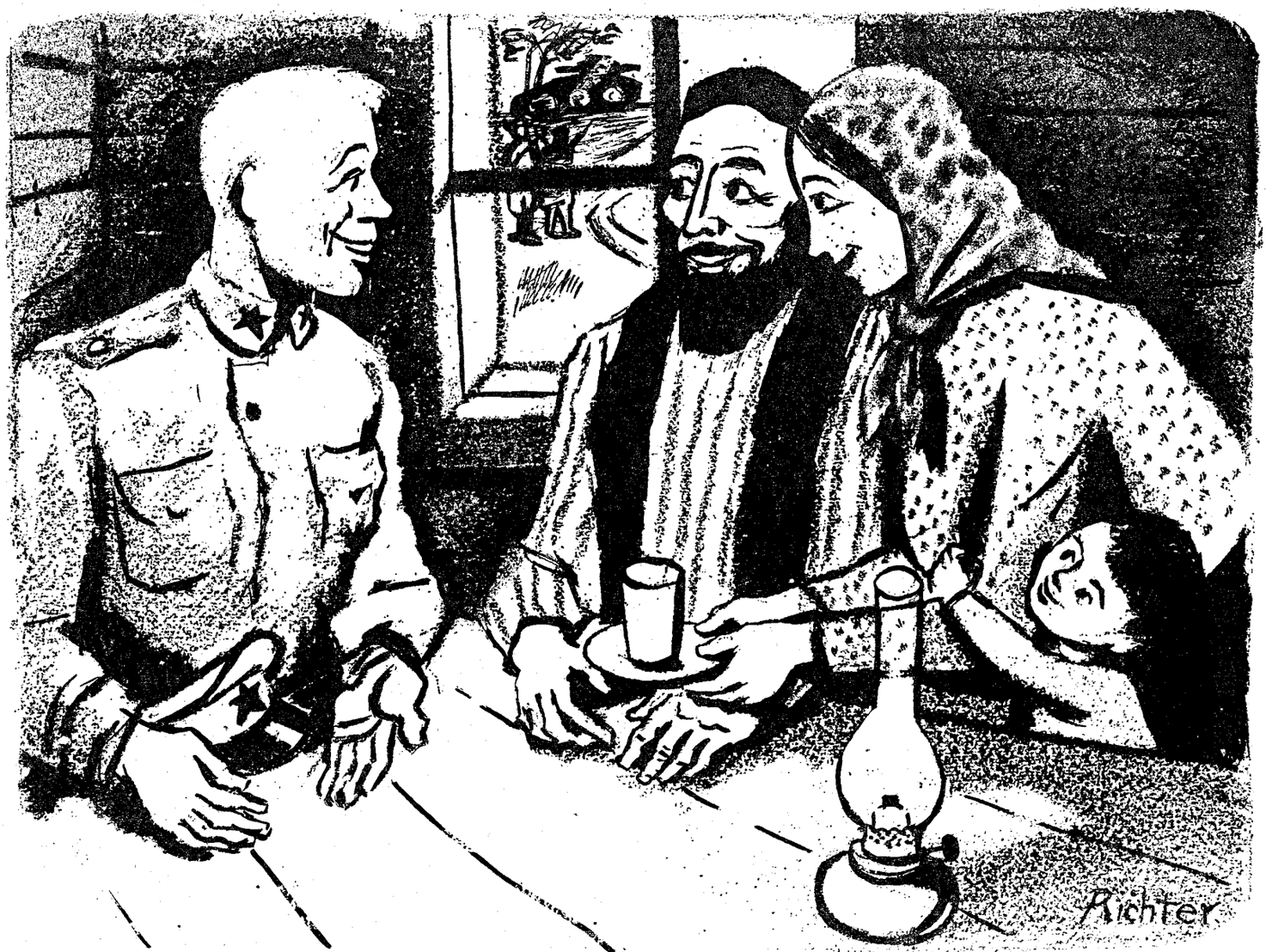
If these alternatives are valid, then Britain and France do *not* now represent the peace front for which we had all been fighting in an era now long past. Therefore, efforts on the part of American capitalist circles, within or without the government, to assist England and France do not represent an assistance for peace—but something else.

What is that something else? Mao Tse Tung, the great Chinese Communist, saw it from his mountain fastness in his remarks on the German-Soviet pact on September 1, reprinted in the *Daily Worker,* Sunday, September 24. Discussing the present neutrality of the United States, Mao saw in it possibilities of a real collaboration for a just peace in Europe and Asia together with that other great neutral, the Soviet Union. But he also saw in American neutrality a deliberate effort to remain outside of the battle temporarily, since *"American imperialists intend afterwards to appear on the scene and win for themselves dominant positions in the capitalist world . . ."*

Yes, Mao saw from afar what people so near cannot appreciate, namely, that if America joins in the imperialist war, it will be to establish unchallenged domination over the capitalist world. America will not go to war because of failure to revise or retain neutrality laws. Nor will the embargo automatically lead this country to war. All that is too deceptively simple. The present legislative struggle, so far as the various groups within the capitalist class are concerned, represents only a jockeying for strategic positions on the basis of which the United States can emerge as an *active imperialism,* seeking its dominant place in the capitalist world.

That is why the Communist Party in its recent manifesto emphasized neutrality toward the question of the Neutrality Act itself. For there are larger problems involved, and first of all, the problem of organizing the people into unions, for the defense of their living standards and their civil rights, for the extension of their social security. It is only by such organization, unbreakable in the face of problems that will dwarf our present ones, that there can arise the forces to prevent the United States from becoming involved in the war and playing a predatory imperialist role.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.



Mischa Richter

"I've heard of pogroms. But of course that was all before my time."

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I Was There When It Started

Sasha Small gives an on-the-spot reportage of Paris and London when war was declared. The misplaced confidence of the civilian populations. They are told to forget Spain.

AT ELEVEN o'clock on Sunday morning, Sept. 3, 1939, the sun was shining on the quiet streets that follow the docks of Southampton. It was very quiet. The few people in sight walked along looking at the sky or at small boys whizzing around corners on their cycles or at a couple of soldiers piling sandbags—at a leisurely pace—in front of the higher buildings.

At 11:20 the sun was still shining. The silver glint of the six or eight blimps sailing over the city shone as cheerfully as it had five minutes earlier. Everything was the same. Nothing seemed to have changed and yet everything had changed. A state of war existed and as tangible proof—down the street into which they had sauntered a few minutes earlier—companies of soldiers came marching toward the waterfront with fixed bayonets, the clump of their boots on the cobblestones beating out—state of war—state of war.

Sandbags had become a familiar sight in London for several weeks before the war. ARP signs (Air Raid Precaution, a civilian voluntary service organization) calling upon the people to join for stretcher duty, air raid shelter signs, huge transparencies spread across buildings and bridges reading "WE'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED" had become commonplaces. As the hectic days crowded on each other the newspapers began to carry such information as that issued by the Lord Privy Seal's office reading:

"The ordinary dwelling house offers a good deal of protection. Well constructed buildings are not easily brought down unless a big bomb falls very close indeed. PEOPLE SHOULD NOT BE UPSET BY PICTURES OF WHAT HAPPENED TO POORLY BUILT HOUSES IN SPAIN."

But it was on Friday morning, September 1, that London got its first real taste of things to come. On the evening of the 31st all newspapers carried the order for evacuation of children, sick, and blind to begin at 5:30 the next morning.

Friday evening's newspapers were filled with congratulatory descriptions of the success with which the evacuation had been accomplished and pictures of the streams of youngsters, each with his small bundle, tag stating name and designation prominently displayed, self-consciously grinning as they faced the cameras. They were on their way to "somewhere in England" armed with "gas mask, good shoes, night clothes, spare stockings or socks, toothbrush, comb, towel, soap, handkerchief," and the advice of Hon. Herbert Morrison, MP, chairman of the ARP, to "KEEP CALM. KEEP A CHEERFUL BRITISH SMILE ON YOUR FACE . . . AS MANY OF YOUR FATHERS USED TO, SING, 'PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KITBAG AND SMILE, SMILE, SMILE.'"

As Friday, September 1, wore on, London took on an intensity that could be felt rather than seen. People seemed to be going about their business as usual, but they walked a little faster, talked a little louder, looked at each other with greater interest as if searching other faces for what they themselves were feeling. Parliament was to convene at 6:00 p.m. Large motor lorries were backed up against all big building entrances—offices, government headquarters, museums—and files, papers, packing cases were being feverishly loaded into them. One reason for speeding the tempo of London's daily routine—pretty fast normally, especially as exemplified by the careening dash of the hordes of red buses—was the notification that there was to be a complete blackout that night. But that was only one reason.

BALLOON BARRAGE

At 6:00 p.m., simultaneously with the opening of the session of Parliament, a signal set London's defense machinery into motion. At the same moment, on every street corner, air raid wardens appeared with freshly printed signs and arrows indicating the direction of the shelters. Gas masks appeared, slung across the shoulders of men, women, and children—class distinctions indicated by the quality of their covering, which ranged from snappy, light khaki, waterproof knapsack affairs, to plain brown cardboard boxes worn on ordinary rope. And as a climax to the doings on the ground, the balloon barrage rose into the overcast skies.

But blackout brushes every other aspect of wartime life aside. To step out of a well lit building into blackout is to experience what President Roosevelt so aptly captured in his phrase "blackout of peace." Blackout erases everyday life—wipes it out of existence. Instead of streets, roads, avenues, there are only black, bottomless pathways to destruction. The lively red buses are transformed into looming phantoms visible only as shadowy motor roars, vaguely perceptible through the few blood-chilling blue lights inside them. Other vehicles can be seen only when they are almost on top of you through pinpoints of dim light escaping from blackout discs on their headlights. People are only footsteps and hushed voices. There are no buildings. There are no homes. There is only blackout.

The streets are filled with pedestrians—cheerful enough. A man stepped in front of the taxi I was in, and over the screeching of the brakes he grinned (you could hear the grin though you couldn't see him at all): "Carry on, old man, Mr. 'Itler done this to us."

From 9:00 p.m. to midnight I sat in the blackness of Paddington Station waiting for a train that might or might not leave for western England. There was just enough dreary light over the covered tracks to outline the presence of masses—people, baggage, station wagons. The station was teeming with men, women, and children and as the hours passed, long lines of extemporaneously created benches—valises, boxes, knapsacks—stretched along the platform edges. Even the kids were alert and wide awake. No one was quite sure of getting on the train, if it came, but conversation hovered from last-minute arrangements between husbands and wives, mothers and daughters and sons, about money and the cat and Aunt Mary and general remarks about *"seeing it through this time"* and *"ain't it a shame so many people will be killed on account of 'im."* They didn't even name *"'im"* after a while.

When the train finally pulled in, the crowd swarmed against its sides and it was filled to overflowing in a matter of seconds. All the corridors were piled high with luggage on top of which people, women and children first, were perched.

When at last the train began to move there was only the waving of goodbys. No one shouted. There were no instructions about shouting, but you just can't shout into blackout. You barely raise your voice. People sank back into their seats—such as they were—and for a while there was complete silence and complete darkness.

I talked with a little old lady who looked like Mother Goose. She was going home to Wales. Oh, yes, she remembered the last one well. And England wasn't beat then and she wasn't going to be beat this time. She told me about her daughters in America—did I know "O-hi-o" in America?—where they belong to the Welsh choral society and are very happy indeed. Then she stopped for a moment, looked out the window, and as abruptly turned around to me and said: *"Isn't it a lovely world?"*

IN THE COUNTRY

Out in the country you can't enforce blackout. The natural light of the sky and the stars outline the fertile fields and the wooded areas that separate them and the thatched stone cottages and the winding roads and the peaceful serenity.

"Isn't it a lovely world?" I could barely see the outline of her face as she looked back toward the fields and continued: "Why can't they let it be? We gave 'im Czechoslovakia. We shouldn't have done it—but we did and

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now he wants more. Well, he shan't have it."

At about 4:00 a.m. when sleep, in spite of cricks in necks and feet cramped into pins and needles, had caught up with at least half the passengers, a child's voice came out of the darkness. Experimentally, "Mommy?" But Mommy was evidently asleep. The child began to hum to herself and finally to sing, and in the grotesque silence of a blackout evacuation train speeding westward from what already looked at least like a beleaguered city, a child's voice rang:

> Underneath the spreading chestnut tree
> Mr. Chamberlain said to me
> If you want to get your gas mask free
> You must join the ARP.

In France, the preparations that had transformed London in twenty-four hours from a living metropolis into blackout, had begun long before. And it was not evacuation or its preparations that set the stage. It was mobilization—timed, calculated, measured to strike slowly and deliberately into every home in France.

The first classes were called on Wednesday, August 23. Small white notices appeared on every billboard and signpost. And in Paris—throughout the length and breadth of its sprawling splendor—in every fifth home a son, a husband, a father was "mobilized." The next day more. The next day more. By Saturday morning the children playing in the squares were shouting to each other, "Has your papa been mobilized?" In every cafe, in every store, in every shop, gaps were quickly visible—mobilized.

Step by step, keeping pace with the mobilization, came the darkening of street lights one by one, moving the paintings out of the Louvre, shutting all the museums. And every night Paris grew darker with gruesome black helmets over its lamps that shed a miserable light only downwards. As the net of mobilization dragged across until it seemed to have enmeshed every home—the real terror began to strike.

Set off by the howling against the Soviet Union, which began immediately after the possible signing of a Russo-German pact was announced (the loudest snarling from Leon Blum) the repression was prepared. People showed their sympathies in many ways. For example, you couldn't get a copy of *Humanite* after 8:30 in the morning anywhere in Paris—all sold out. And so two days later *Humanite* was suppressed. *Ce Soir* was suppressed. Meeting called for August 29, Maurice Thorez to speak—suppressed. No more telephone calls from public booths. No more letters in any language but French.

When I landed on Croydon Airfield on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 29, even though a Nazi plane with swastikas on its wings and tails was standing like a pariah over in a corner, the general air of still-freedom in England made the realization of what had happened in France even sharper.

I spent the day war was declared on a dock in Southampton waiting to learn if a neutral boat would sail that night. It had become a sandbagged barricade in which soldiers (Territorials) had already been on duty for ten days. On the ends of the pier were several businesslike anti-aircraft batteries.

The men, their only duty so far standing guard with naked bayonets, kitchen patrol, piling more sandbags, and improving on the blackout arrangements, were anxious to talk. They want to fight fascism. They are ready to stand firm. They are glad this wasn't another "September"—they don't call it Munich in England. The young officer, a chemical engineer in private life; the sergeant, who works at street paving; the corporal, an old man who was in the "last one" and spent the past twenty-four years working as a bus conductor in Devon—all ready to fight and against Mr. 'Itler, who personifies to them the enemy of everything they hold dear. Unfortunately, instead of fighting fascism, these splendid people are being tricked into fighting, as in the last war, to increase the profits and power of British imperialism. That doesn't require the destruction of fascism, as Mr. Chamberlain has shown.

Two German refugee children who were making the crossing all alone hung onto my hands when we stood watching the fantastic towers of New York's skyline looming larger in the afternoon sun. The youngsters stood and blinked. Suddenly their grip on my hands grew tighter. *"Look, zeppelins,"* they whispered. And it was good indeed to tell them that those weren't zeppelins at all, but only big balloons that fly over New York's roof tops with no other purpose than to urge people to buy "Goodyear Tires."

SASHA SMALL.

"The Yanks Are Coming"

A LOT of champagne and a few tears flowed, the way it always is when a boat leaves. It was the *Mauretania,* leaving the big Fiftieth Street dock August 26, for the last time before war broke. A handful of British newspapermen were off home, and British and American friends were saying goodby. We were in the *Daily Mail* cabin. A superbly accurately dressed, superlatively English young man, came in, waving a bottle of champagne and two flags. The *Daily Mail* incarnate. Yes, it was Mr. Idden, that paper's New York correspondent, sailing for Blighty. "Got these on the Royal Visit, in Canada," he said. "Must bring out the old Union Jack now. God knows what the other one is." An American pointed out that it was the Canadian flag.

We who were staying behind were driven off the boat half an hour before she sailed. Six or seven deep, the length of the ship, we crowded to the quay rail, and so did the hundreds of passengers on every deck. The Union Jack soon identified Mr. Idden and our friends way up amidships. He waved the flag once or twice, then got absorbed in conversation. Now and then he'd wave. I wanted to catch his eye and flourished a green scarf to be distinguished from all the white hands and handkerchiefs around. At last he looked, and I got the man beside me to roar my message. Not a word got across, of course. Not among all those family goodbys.

An exhausting business. I bought the latest afternoon edition outside the quay and turned into the nearest drugstore for a soda. The girl perched beside me had a different paper. Roosevelt's call to Congress was the headline. "Oh why can't he keep his nose out of it," she muttered. I thought of offering her my paper, but she got in first. Throwing hers down she turned to me and said, "Yours full of British propaganda too?"

Just a little incident. The whole thing, in fact, is quite a simple story. Mr. Idden said so himself in the *Daily Mail* when he got home. On September 4 the *Daily Mail* made history by publishing news for the first time on its front page, and Mr. Idden made stranger than history on the editorial page:

> There was one little incident when I left New York a week ago which stays with me vividly despite the tremendous events of yesterday (when England declared war), and a fairly hazardous transatlantic crossing.
>
> It is quite a simple story, but it may be indicative of something momentous. As the ship moved out past the crowded pier I leaned over the deckrail and waved a small Union Jack—a memento of the royal tour—to the people jostling and pressing there.
>
> Most of the crowd responded to the gesture with a wave of the hand, but one man, standing right at the edge of the dock, took out a large white handkerchief, held it so that it was a square, and yelled "Neutrality."
>
> The next second it had been snatched from his hands, and people all round him were screaming, "We'll be over there soon."
>
> It was only a little thing, and maybe it doesn't mean much, but I have an idea that the flag of neutrality will not fly indefinitely over the United States of America. . . . The editorial writers of almost all the newspapers have for months been flaying Germany and hailing Britain's stand. And I am sure that the man in Main Street, and the woman at the drugstore counter approve and endorse the views expressed by their newspaper. . . . You will find, too, that the rebellious Congress which, largely from domestic political motives, killed the planned neutrality legislation, will now put aside petty partisanship.

J. K.

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WAR BULLETIN: NUMBER FOUR

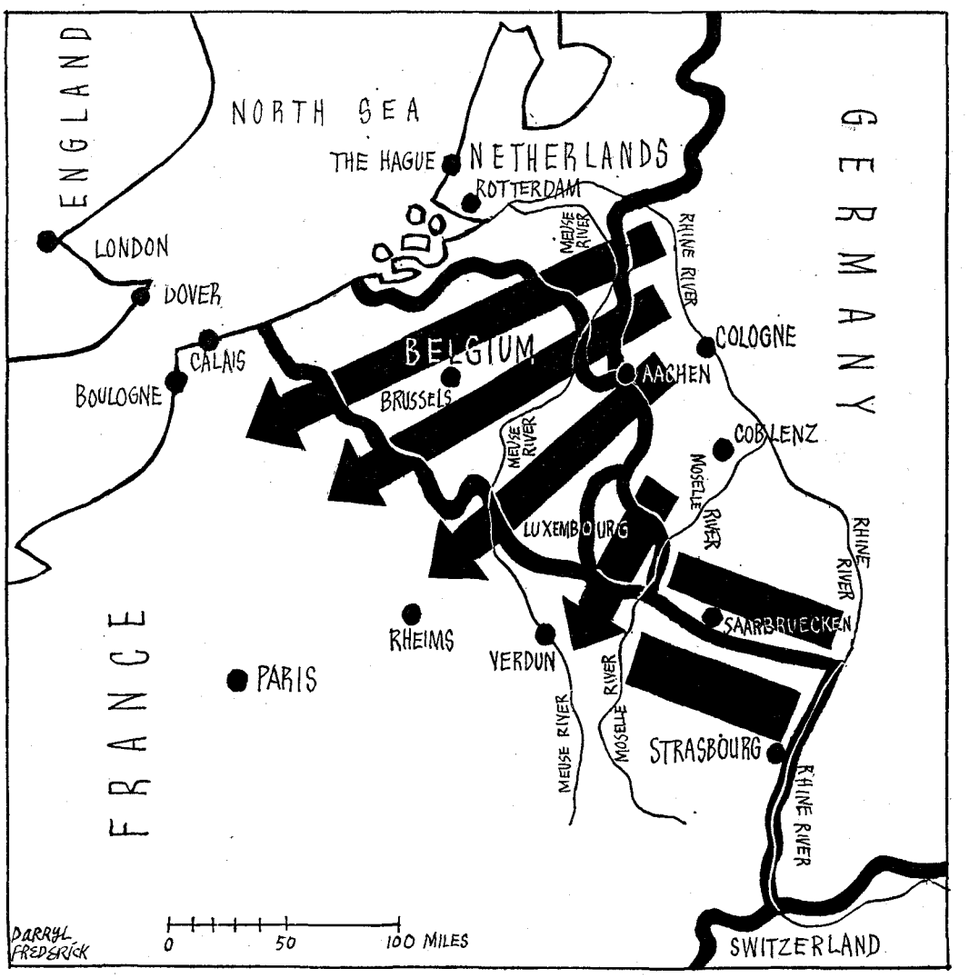
Spotlight on Flanders Fields

Major Allen Johnson points out the possible new theaters of war, now that the Munichers have completely given up Poland. The role of the Soviet Union in any future peace.

THE roar of guns and the thunder of bursting bombs has been out-dinned the past few days by the volume of the voices of those in high places of government. The main scene of the present conflict has shifted from the trenches and the armies *en pied* to the carpeted chambers of government and the halls of the legislatures. In the meanwhile Warsaw has held out against the three-dimensional attack of the Nazi forces. It seems hardly likely that the defenders of Poland's beleaguered capital can be led by the same cadres that so shamefully overlooked her vital defenses and permitted the people to be the sacrificial lambs for the Munichers' love fest. The Warsaw radio's appeal for aid and the statement that the Poles were "waiting" for British and French assistance casts a lurid light on the dishonest game of the Chamberlains and Daladiers. When the rank and file of Poland's defenders realize the tragic hoax that has been played upon them (as even Mr. Shaw has so well understood) there will be another accounting against the Munichers to be entered upon the debit side of the ledger by a people sacrificed to imperialist greed.

The communiques from the French Army command on the Western Front indicate that a period of "strategic waiting" is now in effect. This strategy so far as Poland is concerned is only equaled by the strategy of the political tacticians who have handed nation after nation over to the fascist wolves to devour at their leisure. Activity has been shown by the forces of both antagonists; both the Allies and the Nazis have been moving large bodies of troops up to the borders of Belgium. As has been indicated in previous issues, Flanders can possibly become the center of fighting and it is obvious that both sides are preparing for such an eventuality.

The revolutionary diplomacy and military action of the Soviet Union caught both imperialist camps unawares, even if some of the strange assortment of commentators were tempted to carry over their bias against Socialism into the field of supposedly objective reportage. The Nazi command intended to occupy the whole of Poland and then offer the Allies the *fait accompli* and demand a peace; some face-saving device would undoubtedly have been engineered for the purpose of accomplishing this. The minority peoples of Poland, the Jews, the Russians, the Ukrainians, would have passed under the yoke of a despotism far worse than that they had so impatiently endured under the government of the Polish "colonels." They were saved from this by the swift action of the Soviet Union. Today they can once again enjoy the elementary right of using their own tongue and they can feel sure that pogroms which would have put Petlura to shame will not be their lot. At the same time both the imperialists have been dealt a hard blow. As a military fact the Soviet Union has delivered both the French-British entente and the Nazis a defeat that is the equivalent of a battle of Tannenberg (where the northern Russian army was utterly defeated by Hindenberg during the World War); and this has been accomplished, not by bombing and strafing the civilian population, but by a quiet, orderly occupation, by explanation and comradeship. It is a bitter pill for the pro-Munich Machiavellis; for once they have been outmaneuvered and left holding the bag. As a result, a Munich "peace" has been rendered more difficult. The war has indeed changed its course because of the Soviet Union's action, which has strengthened the really democratic forces against fascism and against its imperialist collaborators.



Darryl Frederick

GERMANY'S NEXT MOVE? *The comparatively impregnable Maginot Line and Westwall make a German push through Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg a likely possibility.*

Today the war front has shifted away from the belligerents to the front represented by the neutrals. The lead of the Soviet Union has changed the relationship of forces and today both belligerents hang upon the actions of the Soviets, the United States and the bloc of smaller neutrals. The United States has no interest in imperialist war and cannot side with either of the combatants without sacrificing the welfare of the people. But British propaganda is intent upon creating "common interest," and is spreading the idea that this is an anti-fascist war—which it is not. The class interests of the British, French and German tycoons precipitated this clash; we should keep our hands out of the mess. This, however, should not prevent an earnest effort being made for a just and decent peace; but today no such peace can be concluded without the participation of the Soviet Union.

MAJOR ALLEN JOHNSON.

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They're Not Confused

In the welter of inspired confusion thrown off by those interests who see no profit accruing to the capitalist system by the sudden addition of eleven or twelve million people to the Socialist economy of the Soviet Union, there have been a few dispatches appearing from correspondents who are recording the reactions of the peoples who have been thus suddenly enfranchised. They don't seem to be confused at all.

Ignoring any official releases from Moscow, let us see what various American capitalist press services have to say about the workers and peasants who have just been given the right to vote, the right to education, the right to employment, the right to social security and the guarantee of freedom from any racial, social, or religious oppression such as has blanketed them for hundreds of years. In numbers they represent approximately the population increase of the United States for the past ten years. No friend of capitalist civilization "as we know it" can be very cheerful about such an escape of so many victims of exploitation.

Richard Mowrer, well known correspondent of the New York *World-Telegram,* grudgingly admits that the population seems to be happy about the advent of the Red Army. By vigilant questioning he has unearthed the fact that the Red soldiers are anti-Nazi. Such political acuteness is amazing in a foreign correspondent.

The local population crowded around to stare at the Russians. They seemed relatively pleased and most curious.

The occupation of Zaleszczyki, meanwhile, seemed a peaceful operation. The Russians remained immobile and noncommittal in the trucks while their officers interviewed various local citizens.

One truck had machine guns mounted, fore and aft, and a Mongolian soldier was squinting at the crowd down the sight of the rear machine, his finger on the trigger. Nothing happened, however—the Mongol, with sickle and hammer on his helmet, apparently was aiming just for fun, or perhaps he was under order not to relax vigilance. . . .

Most of the population of Zaleszczyki seemed rather glad over the developments. The soldiers told them that they have come to free the Polish Ukraine. One man who talked with the Russian soldiers told me, "They say they are going to drive the Germans back."

This evening the shutters were raised on one Jewish shop and it was nearly looted by some Ukrainians. Russian soldiers intervened and threatened to shoot anybody caught stealing. Nevertheless the Jewish shop was closed again.

All the Soviet soldiers must eat in a restaurant and pay for what they eat in rubles. They say one ruble is equal to one zloty. They are mostly young men, mostly of the Caucasian race, with a few Mongols thrown in. Many speak Ukrainian. On the whole they seem to be enjoying the process of occupying Poland, which appears to be a generally peaceful operation here, although this afternoon I saw three Russian soldiers with bandaged arms and hands.—Richard Mowrer, *World-Telegram,* Sept. 21.

Given the choice between oppression by the Nazi invaders, betrayal by Chamberlain, Daladier and their own government of deserters and the safety of Soviet protection, the refugees of the war appear to be far less confused than the editorial writers of the commercial press of the world.

A Moscow radio broadcast intercepted here today said thousands of Polish war refugees were fleeing from the direction of Warsaw, from areas held by the German Army, to areas to the east held by the Red Army.—UP from London—N. Y. *Times,* Sept. 22.

Small military groups and some civilians arrived in Cernauti this afternoon, the last of the Polish refugees, as after the occupation of the Polish town of Kuty by the Russians the whole Rumanian-Polish border was closed. . . . *Many refugees, learning of the Russian occupation of the border, returned to Poland.* —Bucharest—N. Y. *Times,* Sept. 21.

Not having American commercial papers to confuse them (nor, for the most part, being able to read them if they had them) the liberated workers and peasants seem to know when they are well off. So do the soldiers of the Polish Army who have finally found out what kind of leadership they had.

The treatment of Polish prisoners by the Red Army represents something new in the methods used for disposing of prisoners of war.

According to reports received in Lithuania, Polish troops are being disarmed and set free, with the parting advice to go and join up in the formerly illegal Communist organization in the Polish villages and towns.—Kaunas, Lithuania—N. Y. *Times,* Sept. 20.

Throughout northeast Poland, according to reports reaching here, Polish troops are offering virtually no resistance to the advancing Red Army forces. The Russian advance is preceded by strong motorized forces followed by large bodies of infantry and artillery.—Kaunas, Lithuania—N. Y. *Times,* Sept. 20.

Soviet occupation of Polish territory across the frontier from Rumania continued apparently without resistance. There were no reports of bloodshed. To Poles, the advent of the Russians meant relief from two weeks of almost continuous bombings. Poles and Russians fraternized in the occupied regions.—AP from Cernauti, Rumania—N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* Sept. 20.

Not a shot was fired, not a bomb was dropped, and villagers and townspeople, freed from the terror of German air attacks, hailed the Red Army as deliverers.

Russian troops themselves contributed to this feeling of relief by saying they came as comrades. Many inhabitants in this part of Poland are Jews whose number has been swelled by thousands of Jewish refugees fleeing before the Germans. Their joy was great at finding themselves safe from Nazi hands.—William Forrest, war correspondent for N. Y. *Post* and London *News Chronicle*—N. Y. *Post,* Sept. 19.

Poland's army of refugees, soldiers and civilians trudged wearily into exile today along 200 miles of dusty road, many of them saying that Great Britain and France and their own government had deceived them.

Many of them declared Poland's army was capable of a long fight against German tanks, guns and planes. They accused the Polish Government, now on Rumanian soil, of deceiving the people.

Most of them add that Britain and France "let Poland down" by not hurling their strength against Germany on the Western Front to relieve the Nazi blows against Poland. Some of them are saying that British and French planes should have bombed Germany in reprisal for the work of German planes, which devastated town after town.—UP from Bucharest—N. Y. *Times,* Sept. 20.

On the north the line begins at a point on the East Prussian frontier which enables the Russian armies to outflank and intercept any German move toward the Baltic states; it is within easy striking distance by air of the German military bases in East Prussia. Here Hitler has gotten rid of his weak Polish neighbor only by accepting Russia as his neighbor. The line then runs southwest to the eastern suburbs of Warsaw itself, which may throw some light on the reason for the Polish resistance in Warsaw. That resistance is being conducted, we have been told, by a socialist workers' emergency government; it is very possible that the defenders of Warsaw have been waiting for the Russians to arrive.

From Warsaw the line runs southeast to the point where the river San crosses what was once the frontier of the Czecho-Slovak republic. This is very interesting indeed. With Stalin occupying this line, three very significant results follow: one, he has covered the whole Rumanian frontier and shut Hitler off from any direct road into Rumania; two, he has established a direct connection for his own armies into Hungary; third, he has established a common frontier with Slovakia, and is thus able, if he chooses, to assist an uprising in the lands of the Czecho-Slovaks.—Walter Lippmann, N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* Sept. 26.

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Soldiers Who Reason Why

A new type of cultured, fraternal soldiery—the Red Army of liberated workers and peasants. How they differ from other armies. Their educational level.

In one of the several obscure passages of his Danzig speech on the occasion of annexing the "free city" to the Third Reich, Hitler hinted that he aspires to lead Germany on the path to glory indicated by Frederick the Great. At least four portraits of the eighteenth century Prussian king in the fuhrer's study further testify to the Nazi dictator's admiration of the ruler whose claim to history's recognition consists in his army "reforms."

Frederick II erected his structure of army and state control on the principle of unquestioning obedience to his orders. "Punishment with sticks," i.e., brutal beatings, became a daily routine for thousands of Prussian soldiers for the slightest infraction of the deadening discipline, however senseless the rule violated.

"When my soldiers will begin to think," Frederick once remarked, "not one of them will remain in the ranks."

This is Hitler's ideal for the army and the nation which he more or less controls at this writing. "Theirs not to reason why," and when "they" begin to reason, a periodic purge follows. This is capitalism's ideal: unthinking obedience to the masters. To a greater or lesser degree it prevails in all armies where class distinctions obtain.

Such an arbitrary disposition of the soldier's life is prevalent throughout many a European army. According to a deserter from the Tenth Regiment of the Rumanian Army, one Schwartzman: "For a poor mastery of field regulations, the corporal forces his men to spit in each other's face; whoever refuses, is subjected to cruel beating."

A deserter from the Twenty-fourth Infantry Regiment of the Polish Army, Ignace Satchik, testified: "Order is maintained in the army only by stick-discipline. When alone, the soldiers talk of the burdensome conditions not only in the army, but in the whole country. The officers tell us to defend the fatherland, but whose fatherland is it, anyway? Under no circumstances is it ours."

CLASS DISTINCTIONS

The deserting Pole was referring to the sharp class distinctions in the Polish military organization. In Poland, as constituted after the first world war, at least nine-tenths of the army, navy and air force officers came from the families of capitalists, large-scale merchants, estate owners and the *pani* or nobility. These minority groupings owned and governed the country.

In Japan between 30 and 40 percent of the commanding personnel of the army consists of the sons of agricultural magnates, 30 to 35 percent of the scions of the uncrowned industrial potentates, and 25 to 30 percent of the offspring of high government officials, generals, and admirals.

Out of each one hundred officers in czarist Russia fifty-four were of noble birth, forty-two of bourgeois and kulak origin, and four of clerical descent.

No army could match the imperialist Russian armies in the intolerably humiliating conditions of army service. The bitter, lawless lot of the czarist soldier has been masterfully delineated in the works of the greatest Russian writers—Leo Tolstoy, Garshin, Kuprin, and others. In his tale, *After the Ball,* Tolstoy gave a shocking description of the public punishment of a Tartar soldier. The soldier was driven between two long lines of fellow soldiers, each of whom was ordered to hit the Tartar with a heavy stick with all his might. Tolstoy writes:

"His back represented something so mottled, so wet, red, unnatural that I could not believe that this was a man's body. . . ."

Following the hapless victim, walked the colonel. "Suddenly the colonel stopped, then rapidly approached a soldier.

"'I'll pat you gently,' his angry voice reached me. 'Will you pat gently? Will you?'

"And I saw how with his strong hand in a suede glove he smashed the face of the scared, undersized, weak soldier whose crime was that he brought his stick on the Tartar's red back with insufficient strength."

Fiction? Well, historians of all shades of political opinion record the boast of General Gurko, commander of the forces of the Warsaw military district under the czar: "I beat up my soldiers myself, and demand that others treat them the same way."

THE OLD REMEMBER

Were it not for the corroboration of eyewitnesses among the older people of the country, the youth of the Soviet Union today would consider these stories of the old regime unbelievable, just as many oppressed workers and soldiers beyond the Soviet borders find it impossible to comprehend the unbridgeable abyss between their own conditions and those on the collective farms, in the factories and armed forces of the USSR.

Formerly the mass of soldiery was held in impenetrable darkness and ignorance. A British visitor to Russia reported in 1902: "The Russian soldier is possessed of many splendid qualities: he is brave, loyal and obedient, but he must not exhibit the slightest trace of brain. He has no opportunity whatsoever to show his reasoning power, his initiative. Even the words which he utters, are put into his mouth ready-made. If an officer asks him a question which he is unable to answer, he dare not say, 'I don't know,' but must say, 'I cannot know'!"

On the eve of the Russian Revolution of 1905, the czarist officials estimated that more than 50 percent of the army was illiterate. That was at the time when anyone in Russia who could sign his name was listed as literate!

The pre-revolutionary soldier used to say, "I cannot know." Today the world's only army with the right to know everything and with a vast apparatus for the acquisition of knowledge is the Red Army. At a reception for the junior commanders of the Special Red-Banner Far Eastern Army, Marshal K. E. Voroshiloff, Defense Commissar, said:

"Lose no precious time; utilize every minute, every second, every moment for study, for mastering science. You have all opportunities for it."

OPPOSE SELF-SATISFACTION

Heeding the words of their commander-in-chief, the commanders, political commissars, and the rank and file of the Red armed forces are waging a continuous campaign against smug self-satisfaction with current achievements and for unceasing systematic educational activity.

All the treasures of art and science are included in the arsenal of the Socialist education of the Fighters (the popular and semi-official designation in place of "soldiers"). In the widespread network of "patronage" which various workers' and farmers' organizations assume over the units of the Red Army garrisoned in their districts, most active participants are men and women of scientific institutions, including professors and academicians of worldwide fame. The most distinguished representatives of the arts vie for the privilege of assisting in the "self-activity" program of thousands of Fighters.

Every detachment of the Red Army has its own library. Thousands of these army libraries in every corner of the USSR have an aggregate of more than 25,000,000 volumes. No book is ever allowed to gather dust on the shelves, for the Fighters' thirst for knowledge accounts for a circulation of 2,000,000 books a month.

Individual subscriptions of commanders and rank and file bring over 2,000,000 copies of newspapers and magazines of general interest, not to mention the countless periodicals in the army libraries. Hundreds of thousands subscribe to the publications issued by the army itself.

The authors most favored by the Fighter readers include the best classics and contemporary men of letters: Pushkin, Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Balzac, Nekrasoff, Gogol, Saltykoff-Shchedrin, Gorky, Mayakovsky, Furmanoff, Sholokhoff, and others.

SOLDIER-WRITERS

At least 100,000 *voyenkors* (military correspondents) publish news items, poetry,

(Continued on page 14)

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This Army's Different

AN army that votes, studies arts and sciences, teaches and entertains the people and masters politico-economic philosophy is unique indeed. For the first time in history, "You're in the army, now" becomes a congratulation.

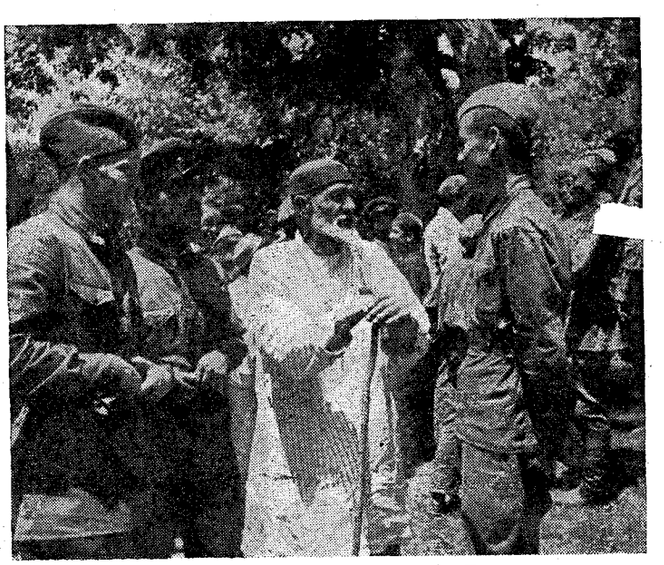
Moscow Military District men drilling in close formation.

Lt. Lomotov studies History of CPSU(B), too.

Commander Bormotov votes.

Red Army Song and Dance Ensemble cuts a rug.

The Moscow Proletarian Division holds a book sale.



Frontier guards visit the Kirov Farm.

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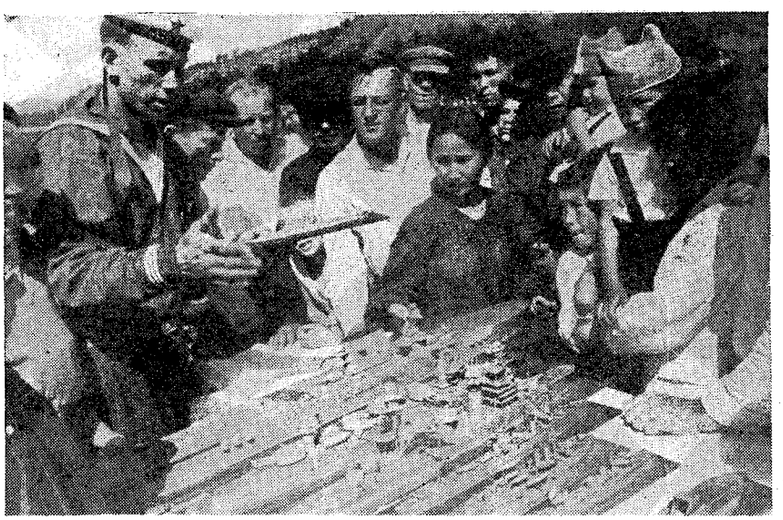
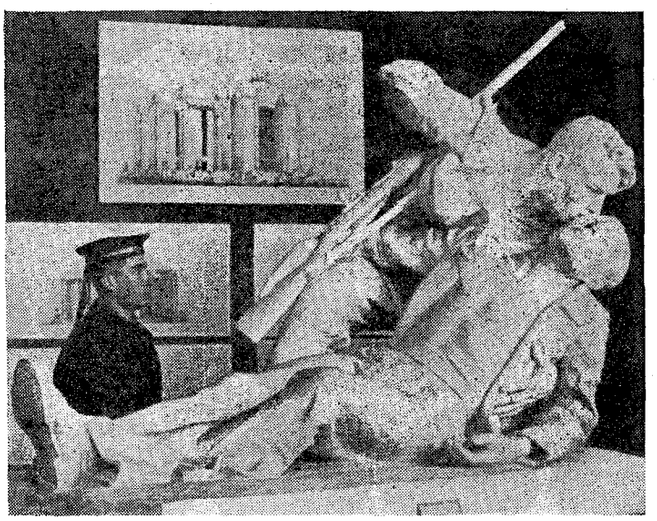
Actors of the Gorky Art Theater chat with Kronstadt gobs.

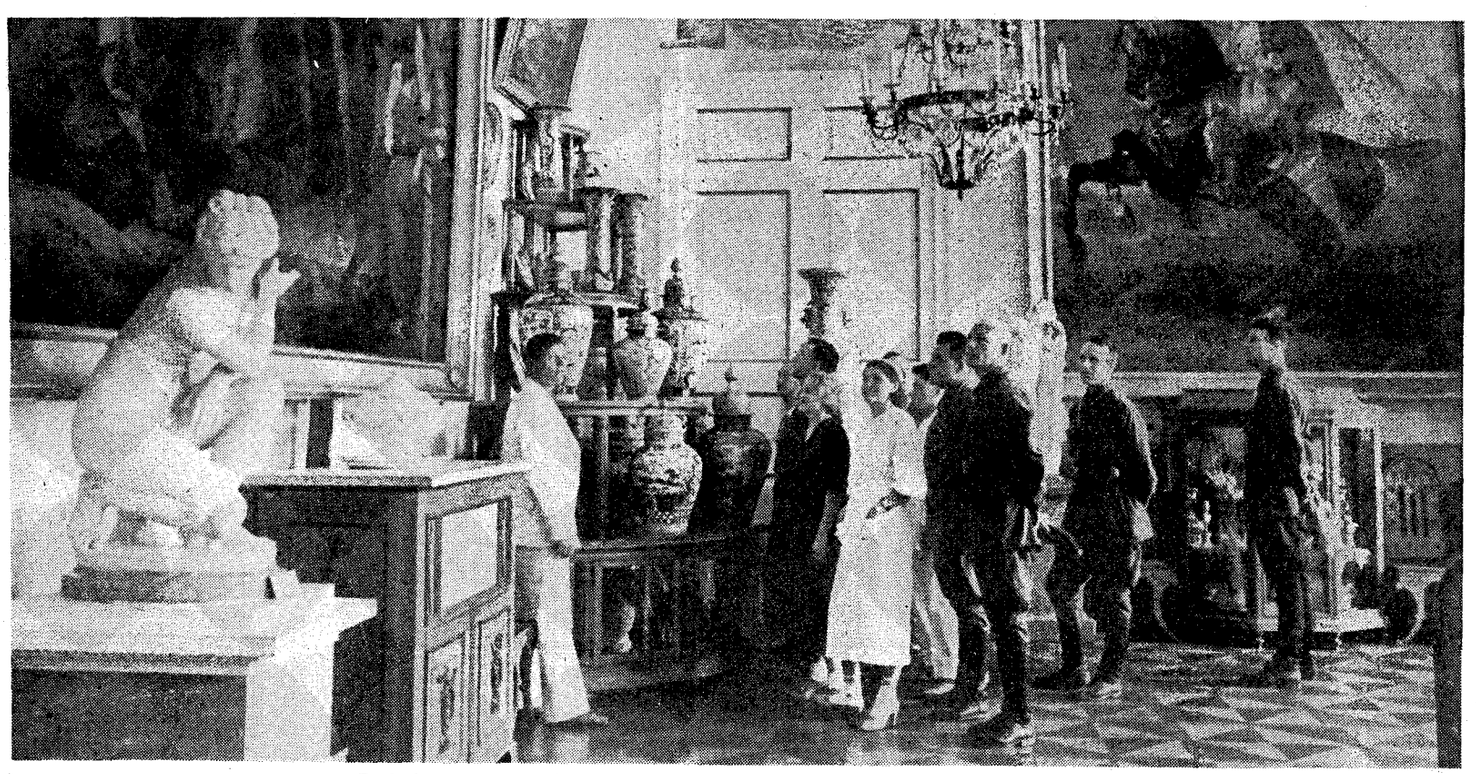
Fine arts students at Kronstadt Red Navy House.



Ulan-Ude folks learn about submarines from Red Navy man.



In the Leningrad All Union Art Academy.



Red Army commanders visiting the museum in one of the Staff Rest Homes.

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sketches, short stories, commentary on world affairs, not only in their unit newspapers or Defense Commissariat publications, but also in the central press whose high literary standards they help to maintain.

Along with the tactical and field exercises, physical training, and practice in sharpshooting, every Red commander and man in the ranks passes another school. It is the schooling of the clubs and "homes" of the Red Army, with their Leninist "corners," their cinema and radio courses in science, literature, and foreign languages, their thorough study of Marxist teachings and their analysis in the light of these teachings of all outstanding domestic and international developments.

The reading and thinking Red Army is a most powerful lever for raising the cultural level of the whole country. Year after year, after completing their term of enlistment, the army men become the best organizers and leaders of Socialist industry and agriculture. Some become active in the *Osoaviakhim,* an organization of perhaps 15,000,000 civilians, promoting active air-mindedness and principles of anti-chemical defense among the masses. Other Fighter reservists, their latent talents uncovered in the army's cultural work, pursue their studies in scientific laboratories and art institutes.

PAPANIN'S TRIBUTE

In the name of the four Soviet explorers who landed at the North Pole and drifted on an ice floe for nine months, their leader, Hero of the Soviet Union I.D. Papanin, himself a former fighting Red sailor, declared:

The Red Army played a tremendous role in the success of our expedition. The strongest army in the world, it is the army of the most progressive, most advanced state on the globe. The army and the navy rendered great help in the conquest of the Pole and the successful conclusion of our expedition. Likewise, without the brilliant Stalinist aviation, it would have been unthinkable to materialize the polar enterprise.

Each year, when the call to the colors is issued, the contingents reporting for service show increasing cultural and political preparedness. Thus, in the fall of 1937 in the Frunze neighborhood of Moscow alone, among those called up were more than a thousand engineers, physicians, school teachers, highly qualified master mechanics and other well trained specialists. Twenty years earlier the neighborhood consisted of slums and the recruits it yielded who had a high school education could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Under the czars, weeping followed the conscript. An old proverb said, "To be drafted is like stepping into a grave," and another: "The longer he serves, the more he grieves."

The annual call for the Soviet Army, Navy and Air Force is spontaneously turned by the people into a national holiday. In the consciousness of the masses the words of the new Union Constitution are well imbedded: "Military service in the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army represents an honored duty of the citizens of the USSR."

Frequently young people receiving an exemption from service for one reason or another refuse to accept the privilege, and are ardently seconded by their parents.

Men in the armed services are full-fledged citizens of the USSR. Together with the rest of the people they discussed the draft of the new Stalin Constitution and participate in the elections to the Supreme Soviet. Everywhere else soldiers and sailors are deprived of such rights.

Many thousands of members of the land and naval forces of the Union occupy elective posts in the farm and urban Soviets, in executive committees, and in the highest administrative organs in Moscow and regional capitals.

The best soldiers and sailors, irrespective of rank, are elected to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR. Imagine a rank-and-file conscript in any other country as a member of the government! All written and unwritten laws outside the Soviet Union erect an impassable barrier between the civilian populace and the army, as well as between the soldier and his participation in the nation's political life.

Needless to say, all these cultural and political intangibles (or are they intangibles?) make for splendid morale, which together with the numerical and technological composition of the Red Army, Navy and Air Force, account for their accomplishments.

It is an unprecedentedly different army. Its foremost distinguishing characteristics were defined years ago by Stalin:

The first and fundamental characteristic of our Red Army consists in that it is an army of liberated workers and peasants, the army of the October Revolution, the army of the dictatorship of the proletariat. . . .

The second characteristic of our Red Army consists in that it, our army, is an army of fraternity among the peoples of our country, the army of liberation of the oppressed peoples of our country, the army of defense of liberty and independence of the peoples of our country. . . .

Finally, the third characteristic of the Red Army. This consists in the spirit of internationalism, in the sentiments of internationalism permeating our entire Red Army. LUCIEN ZACHAROFF.

On Material and Cultural Conditions in the Red Army

From the speech of Marshal Klementi Voroshilov, People's Commissar of Defense of the USSR, delivered before the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, March 13, 1939.

THE material conditions of our men are of a very high level. The question of provisioning, equipping, quartering and otherwise satisfying the requirements of the Red Army men has been and always will be one of the utmost importance, and it is receiving the unflagging attention of the commanders, commissars and political personnel.

The material condition of the officer staff as a whole has undergone a marked change in the past five years.

The average pay of commanders, commissars, political workers and other leading personnel has increased by 286 percent. Pay increases of the principal commander ranks follow:

	1934 (rubles)	1939 (rubles)	Increase percent
Platoon	260	625	240
Company	285	750	263
Battalion	335	850	254
Regimental	400	1,200	300
Division	475	1,600	337
Corps	550	2,000	364

Cultural services in the Red Army have developed tremendously, which, of course, has had a most beneficial effect on the cultural growth of the men and of the whole army.

For example, we had 15,091 Lenin Corners in 1934; in 1939 we have 26,435.

We had 1,336 clubs in 1934; now we have 1,900.

Whereas in 1934 we had 142 Red Army Centers, we now have 267.

There has been a big increase in wireless receiving sets, cinemas, traveling cinemas and so on. It need only be mentioned that there are now 350,000 wireless receiving points in the Red Army.

The libraries of the Red Army now have a total of 25,000,000 volumes.

The personnel of the Red Army subscribe for 1,725,000 copies of daily newspapers, and regularly take in 471,500 copies of magazines.

The expenditures on cultural and educational work now amount to 230,000,000 rubles, as compared with 72,000,000 rubles in 1934.

Much useful work in catering to the cultural needs of the Red Army is performed by the Union of Art Workers. Whole theaters, concert and dramatic troupes, the finest musicians, actors, singers and others willingly display their skill and talent to the army. Scientists, technologists, engineers and other experts also perform valuable service to the Red Army by lecturing and catering to the needs of our men, commanders and other leading personnel, for which the Red Army rewards its friends with unfailing gratitude and esteem.

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Soldier! Soldier!

A short story of the Spanish War by Alvah Bessie, whose new book, "Men in Battle," is published next week.

We were on the run. Ever since they retook Belchite we had been on the run, and it was a mighty uncomfortable feeling. Either they were damned clever or we were damned stupid, or something. Probably a little of both, for every time we took up a position, dug in and prepared to meet their attacks, we'd learn, a bit too late for comfort, that we had been outflanked again. (There might have been some sabotage as well.) Word would come that the flanks had given way; that battalions to left or right had retreated without the formality of informing us, and so we had to fight our way out of the position we had taken up, run again, then take up another stand. That happened three days running; exhaustion and its poisons had set in; the men got to such a point that even while they were digging in, they'd say, "What the hell's the use of this; in a couple of hours we'll find out we've been cut off again." They had four-day beards; their faces were dirty, their clothes were in rags; their rifles and machine-guns were dirty; they had lost their gear—blankets, pack-sacks, canteens, shovels—days ago.

But we did it again. We dug in below this little town along a slightly wooded ridge of hills, and we prepared to face them. We knew they would be coming soon; we could hear their avion bombing and bombing, banging the roads to pieces behind us so we couldn't bring up reinforcements, ammunition, food. There *was* no food; there had been no food for three days, and you know how you get to feel after a couple days' hard work on top of an empty belly. You feel disembodied; you feel as though you were floating two feet off the ground; you can't feel your legs walking or running, but they have a way of going on. It isn't so bad in your belly; after the first day or so the pains wear off and you only have a dull ache to think of, with attendant dizziness from time to time. You want to sleep, badly; you want to sleep, and I remembered the days when I used to live in Philadelphia and there was no work and no food, and I used to sleep twelve, fourteen hours a day, because when you sleep you don't mind not eating so much. The body has a way of taking care of you. Any working stiff can tell you how it feels. Only now there was no possibility of sleep. We could hear them coming.

The battalion was dug into this hill; the sun (even in early March) was hot as all hell and the men were improving the little time they had, cleaning their rifles, stripping the machine-guns, even wiping off each cartridge with a bit of rag. There was no oil for the guns, for the rifles. There was no water on the hill for the men, but we had decided to hunt for some. Then they began; they began to feel us out with their artillery; light stuff at first, anti-tanks and such, and then they opened up with mortars and their equivalent of the French 75's. It got hotter on the hill, and the guys who had been griping began to wish they had saved their breath and strength and dug in deeper instead. Those flying ash-cans came over, rushing through the air like the Bronx express and banging behind us, on the left, on the right. Our observers said they had tanks in reserve, but the tanks weren't coming on just then. Then they lifted the artillery and a flock of Messerschmidts came over and put on a lovely show. Like the Indians in Custer's Last Stand, they wheeled overhead, round and round in a pretty perfect circle; then the leader side-slipped off and down out of the formation and came diving longitudinally at the hill. He combed it from one end to the other with his machine-guns, tatatatat, tatat, tatatata, his propeller screaming like a ghost, and then he zoomed up off the end of the hill as though he had a fly under his tail. The rest of them followed, one at a time, one after the other, spilling out of the formation, diving and howling at us, opening their guns, climbing, hanging on their props, winging over and around again. Planes don't do much damage in the line, but they scare the living daylights out of you.

That was when the commander said to me, "Take Fred and go organize some grub. If we get out of here tonight we'll need some."

"But we haven't got a kitchen any more," I said.

"Get something we won't need a kitchen for."

"O. K.," I said, and I got Fred and we started back from the lines. I don't think either of us wanted very much to leave the lines just then; it was safer there than it was further back, for the planes weren't doing much damage—they hadn't hit anybody yet—and the artillery didn't have the angle. It was landing behind the lines, near a little lime-washed stone house we'd noticed when we came in early that morning. This house stood in the valley behind the lines, about five hundred meters away, and the shells were landing all around it. It looked abandoned.

We ran down the back of our hill, hopped down the terraces and crossed through the vine-field without saying anything to each other. I know what we were both thinking, though; we were just hoping that we wouldn't connect with one of the shells, and we were hoping the planes overhead would mind their own business and not take it into their heads to chase us across the field as they had a couple days before. I couldn't feel my feet on the ground, but as I kept on moving, I figured it was all right, and we both headed for the house in the distance. We were both thinking of something we had often said: that there's relatively little chance of a small house being hit, one chance out of—well, we'd never figured out the percentage, but it rarely happened.

Besides, we were looking for grub, and the first place you look for it is in a house, where it's most likely to be. It was still winter; nothing was growing, nothing was on the trees, and the only things you could find on the ground were a few of last year's almonds and *avellanos,* and those nuts were just as likely to be empty. So we kept on running, dropping onto our faces at regular intervals when we heard the shells whiffling through the air; then we lay down and counted one . . . two . . . three as the shells landed, waited till the shrapnel stopped screeching overhead, got up and ran again. I got to laughing; I was remembering running through Caspe a day or so before, hot-footing it through the empty streets and seeing a wooden box on the pavement. It was outside a store that had been looted, and everything in the store was tumbled onto the sidewalk, where the Fascist soldiers had taken what they wanted, and we had taken what we wanted later. Now there was this big wooden box of that lousy Spanish chocolate lying there, that chocolate that comes in long rolls, wrapped in paper; and as I ran, I scooped up a handful of the paper rolls on the fly. I stuffed them in my pockets and inside my shirt, and kept on running. Then I took one out, still running, stripped off half the paper and stuck it in my mouth. It tasted funny. It was dynamite.

The dooryard of the house was piled with junk; there was a donkey-cart with a broken wheel, there were bedsteads and springs and mattresses lying around; cooking utensils and children's toys. The place had obviously just been evacuated, and we felt pretty good, for in those houses you can usually find some chow; especially when they've been abandoned in a hurry—there's a lot of stuff they can't take along. We'd seen lots of these houses; in fact, that spring, when the Fascists were on the march through the Aragon, driving to the sea, the countryside was full of empty houses and the roads were so jammed with people running away from General Franco's offers of peace, bread, and plenty, that it was hard for the troop-trucks to go where they were going. The people didn't seem to want to wait for General Franco to come and give them peace and bread and plenty; they had their own idea of what they'd get.

The door was closed but it opened at our touch, and we both dodged inside with a

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sigh of relief. There is something about a stone-walled house, even when it's in the line of fire, that gives you a feeling of security. But the minute we got inside, into that dirt-packed downstairs room that the Spanish peasants have to use for their livestock (they live upstairs), we looked at each other and we whistled. The floor was alive with food—there were rabbits hopping frantically around in the semi-darkness, there were chickens fluttering and screeching, there was a pig, there were huge earthen jars of pickled olives, sacks of last year's hazelnuts and walnuts, piles of potatoes, dried figs, casks of olive oil. We looked at each other, dropped the gunny-sacks we'd brought and got to work, laughing.

A rabbit doesn't make much noise when you kill it, but the dumb chickens were fierce. They were zooming through the dark air all around us, blundering into our faces, getting in our hair. They screeched and squawked and yelped; we had to kick them out of our way. We wrung a bunch of their necks and couldn't decide whether to pluck them then and there or stuff them in the bags, so we did both. "We'll have to make a couple trips," Fred said, and I said, "Yeh."

"Look," I said. "You keep up the good work and I'll take a look around." I figured that I ought to see what was upstairs, if anything. The artillery was sounding outside, but it was reassuringly muffled by the heavy walls and as we used to say, "You're safe from anything but a direct hit, and if there's a direct hit you won't mind it." So I started up the curving staircase, tripping over a wooden rake that someone had left on the steps. Upstairs it was lighter, and you could really see how fast these people had got out when they heard the Fascists were coming.

All the doors upstairs but one were open, and the rooms looked as though they'd been hit by a cyclone. There were pictures on the wall, holy pictures in bright flaming colors, and pictures of Mom and Pop when they were first married, and a family picture with the little kids dressed in their peasant Sunday best. But the bureau drawers were all pulled out and lying around the floors, half-ransacked. Clothing of all sorts was strewn over the floor and the chairs, rags and lengths of materials were draped all around; there was a box of buttons sitting on a little table and a piece of embroidery work lying on the bed. You could see that the folks hadn't been able to decide what to take and what to leave, and they'd probably remember a lot of things they wanted when they got to wherever they were going. A chamber-pot had been taken out of the bedside cabinet, and then left on the floor; a crucifix had been taken from the wall; you could see where the paper was faded. There were children's toys lying all around, there was a cradle in the corner, but nothing in it. There were some good blankets (and I thought of taking one, but it was a brilliant white with a brilliant scarlet stripe, so I decided against it. It could have been seen for miles).

I poked around in the drawers (but I really wasn't looking for anything); examined a pipe the old man had left, a package of letters tied up with a faded pink ribbon and written in an illiterate hand. There was a corset hanging on a nail in the wall, and I thought again what a hideous thing a corset was. There was some crockery, white with wide gold edges, on the table, and I could just hear the housewife, who had brought it in from the kitchen, saying, "Should I take this, Juan?" and Juan would say, "Don't be a damned fool, woman," and maybe she cried a little. I felt a little like crying myself; and that was when I heard the small voice calling.

It sounded far away but I knew, with a leaping heart, that it was in the room with the closed door, so I went into the hall and knocked on the door and opened it. The voice was saying, over and over, *"Miliciano, miliciano!"* and it belonged to a little old woman, as little a woman and as old a one as I have ever seen. She was lying in a big bed in the far corner of the room, and the room stank. The smell of that room was enough to knock you over, and part of it came from the garbage that was lying on the floor, and part of it from the filthy bed itself.

"Miliciano," she said. "Don't kill the animals."

I didn't know what to say; what to do. I stood there staring at the ancient dark face in the filthy bed; it had practically no hair; but it was a quiet face, a kind one. It had big eyes that looked at me standing there, and the body to which it was attached scarcely showed beneath the ragged coverlet. On the bed, next to the body, there were a couple eggs; on the floor there were broken eggshells, a broken dish with scraps of what had once been a green vegetable, some rotten oranges. I felt sick to my stomach.

"Miliciano, miliciano!" said the little old woman. "Don't kill the animals."

"No, madre, no," I said, and even though I could hear the chickens squawking downstairs as Fred wrung their necks, I couldn't say anything else. "Don't worry," I said. "We won't kill the animals." Then I heard Fred calling, and I went out the door into the hall, and said, "What?"

"Joe," he said. "I'm going to get some of this stuff down behind the other hill and cache it; you bring some too."

"O. K.," I said.

"What the hell are you doing up there, looting?"

"Nothing," I said. "I'll be right along."

I heard him go out the door, and the chickens got quiet in a minute or two, and then I went back into the bedroom and stood there, standing still, just as stupid, just as spellbound as before.

"Que dices?" she said.

"Nada, nada."

The old woman looked at me and I wanted to cry. I could hear the artillery banging outside; the walls shook when it landed; I could hear the Messerschmidts tattattatting and a lower, deeper rumble and a sickening vibration as they dropped their small bombs on the hungry men in the lines. I wanted to get the old woman out of there, but I knew I couldn't. I wanted at least to clean the room up for her, but it wouldn't have done any good.

"Miliciano," she said. "Will the war be over soon?"

"Si, madre, si," I said, and then I walked backward to the door and softly closed it behind me, opened it again and said, "We won't kill the animals, *madre,* I promise you." It was all that I could say that would give her any comfort. I closed the door and went on down the stairs.

The chickens set up their squawking and I groped around in the semi-darkness, cursing the damned beasts because the old lady would think I had broken my promise. I found my gunny-sack and filled it, indiscriminately, with hazelnuts and pickled olives and raw potatoes. You could gnaw on them in the line at any rate. I didn't want to go out of that house, but I soon found myself running with the bag over my shoulder, felt it vaguely bumping me from behind. I had to fall on my face every few yards when I would hear the shells coming, rushing, then whistling, then howling, then crashing; and then I got up and ran again. The machine-gun bullets from the planes plunked into the dirt, kicked it up in little spurts. I heard the men yelling as I got back up the hill; "Tanks!" they were shouting, "Tanks!" and then everything was quiet for a moment and you could hear the Italian tanks rattling and banging their way along toward our flanks.

"What you got?" the commander said, sticking his head out of the dugout.

"Potatoes, olives, *avellanos.*"

"Is *that* all?"

"No," I said. "Fred's got chicken, rabbit, pork, dried figs. I'm going back now," I said. "We'll stow the stuff behind the hill behind that house, and get it and cook it up tonight. There's enough for the whole battalion, almost."

"Muy bien," he said. "We can't get this stuff out to the men now anyhow." We were sitting in the mouth of the dugout, our backs to the lines, and we both saw it together.

"Wow!" the commander said, but I said nothing.

We had both been looking at the little house, and we both saw the shell hit it and the stone fly in a great cloud of dark dust, and we saw the flames sprout and curl and climb, curling and licking till the house was all consumed. It crackled like brush fire, like machine-gun fire. We could feel the heat of it on our faces; the barrels of olive oil in the downstairs room were blazing too, I guess, and I was thinking, I only hope she got it before the flames reached her.

"That where you got the stuff?" he said.

"Si, si."

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

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What Side Are You On?

Mike Gold poses the question that clears all the issues in the whirling events of today. The salesmen of Munich start selling each other.

IF THIS were a war to crush fascism, I know that millions of Americans would hasten to assist the anti-fascists. But though the organic sympathies of this country are with England and France, that long, horse face of the evil old prohibitionist, Chamberlain, intervenes to sour and slow down the warmer emotions.

It is almost impossible to believe in the honest intentions of the Tory architect who achieved the masterpiece of Munich. His elderly voice cracked with the same calculated pathos when he then spoke of "peace" as it does now when he vows to end "Hitlerism." It was as thick with unctuous hypocrisy, too, when he pretended to grieve over his own murder of Spain as it does now in lamenting over Poland.

As I understand it, the next diplomatic victory Chamberlain is intriguing for is to win fascist Italy over to the side of Britain and France. It will take an enormous bribe to buy everybody's sweetheart, Mussolini, and if I were a Frenchman I would shudder in anticipation of the cost. For it will be with large chunks of French property that Chamberlain will undoubtedly tempt the black-shirt hero of Guadalajara, Addis Abbaba, and Albania. The British Tories are no sentimentalists like our American newspaper publishers and commentators. They would even sell out France, a non-British nation. They did not shed any moral tears as they sold out Czechoslovakia, Spain, Austria, Manchuria, and a lot of other non-British peoples and lands in their historic plot to bribe the fascist axis into a war against the Soviet Union.

That plot miscarried, though it has already cost the lives of perhaps a million non-Britishers, including non-British women and children. It may cost many more, but still there will be no Tory tears.

But the new plot with fascist Italy may miscarry. What surprises me is to find that it rouses no moral indignation in the swollen bosoms of the Chamberlain press in America. It awakes only cynical hopes that the deal will go through.

Yet this is supposed to be a war to end Hitlerism. Should it not also be a war to end Mussolinism? True, the trains in Italy run on time, but they are the same trains of fascist aggression and inhuman slaughter as the Nazi trains. If this is the war to end fascism, then how can Mussolini be regarded as a possible partner in it?

One knows the answer. When capitalist governments are fighting their wars, they do not stop to become moral, or to examine the ideology of any possible allies. They play every trick in the dirty game of power politics, for that is the way to win.

It is obvious why so few American journals ever pause to condemn the power politics of the British Empire, while at the same time they can rise to remarkable heights of moral indignation over the strategy of the Soviet Union. This is not another routine hypocrisy, but a natural identification of themselves with one warring system or the other. They find nothing immoral in the objects pursued by the British Empire. The empire, built on the same blood and slavery of millions that Hitler is using to cement his mad dream of a Nazi empire, seems to American conservatives like some eternal truth that one never even unconsciously questions.

POWER POLITICS

But they fear and hate the political objects pursued by a Socialist and anti-imperialist state such as the Soviet Union. Power politics for what end? Power politics for whose benefit? When power politics is ruthlessly pursued for the benefit of British landlords, it seems moral to American landlords and industrialists. When the USSR skillfully uses its immense economic, political, and military power for the benefit of workers and peasants, it is not only immoral but damned dangerous.

In their new lynching bee against the Soviet Union, most of the American press has forgotten to think. It is appalling to see to what a low intellectual ebb most political comment has fallen here; it is almost as if America were at war.

I haven't yet heard one such analyst, a man who is paid to interpret events scientifically, point out what a great new turn the Soviet-German pact has given to world events. It precludes, for example, any revival of the Four-Power alliance that Chamberlain, Hitler, and Mussolini had so often advocated. The Soviet Union will be sitting in on all future peace conferences as an equal.

The pact has also overthrown the famous European balance of power which the British Empire had used for centuries to keep the continent at war, while it grabbed and arbitrated. The pact throws Nazism to the mercy of its worst enemy, the Soviet Union, as Goering so ineptly boasted in his speech. If Germany can fight a major war only with the help of Soviet materials, what does that make the Nazis but the economic prisoners of the Soviets? For needless to say, no such materials in the amounts required by the Nazis will be forthcoming.

The Soviets now have the balance of power in their hands. If they chose to swing to the Allies, they could crush Germany. If they chose to aid Hitler, they could possibly end the French and British empires. Both sides know it. But American commentators don't know what even old George Bernard Shaw could see through the mists of his dotage—that the Soviets will help neither imperialist cause, but will use their mighty power to establish some sort of democratic peace.

The Soviets have made no wars in twenty years. The Soviet system does not need war to solve economic contradictions, as does capitalism, since no such contradictions exist under Socialism. The Soviets have infinitely more to gain by peace than by war; for their system is ascending, while capitalism is hastening deeper into its final crisis, come war or peace. That is the Soviet policy; it has been on the records for twenty years.

It would help the cause of American clarification if a few of our political sharks did some homework, and read a primer or two explaining the Soviet Union. Most of them have fed only on the hymnals of hate gotten out by the professional Soviet-baiters, and hence their minds are in as much of a fog over Russia as if it were the Cathay of Sir John Mandeville.

They have no accurate information as to the twenty years of diplomacy and foreign policy of the Soviet Union. And they know nothing about the Socialism that is the basis of the Soviet state, and that determines and inspires its every move. Yes, they should really read up on this thing called Socialism; it will be heard from again in the news.

JEWS OVERJOYED

Meanwhile, as one who has ever been loyal to his Jewish inheritance, and who has agonized with his kinsmen over the cruelty and horror visited on the Jewish scapegoat by the insane defenders of a decaying capitalism, it has given me joy, a "moral" joy, to see that the Soviets have saved a million Jews from the Nazi and Polish anti-Semites.

The Jews of America had been whipped up to fear and hatred of the Soviets by a Yiddish press that is certainly as venal and reactionary as Hearst. But the truth can never be crushed. It remains, deeply buried, if only in the instinct of self-preservation, for in a real crisis lies do not work. And in the present crisis every normal Jew could not help rejoicing at the deliverance of the Jews of western Ukraine and Byelo Russia.

I have met some who have fathers and brothers in those parts, and they are happy. They don't understand politics, but they are very happy. Most of the Ukrainian-Americans are also happy. They are not Communists, but they knew the Polish landlords, and they know Hitler. Some of the newspaper commentators should take a moment out and ask these simple folk why they are happy. This might also help them find some clue to the policies of those "mysterious" Soviets.

MICHAEL GOLD.

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Art for the People's Sake

Art Young speaks from the prologue of his forthcoming autobiography on the artist's life he has lived during the past five decades.

In my early youth I had a devotional admiration for the work of the outstanding American artists in the field of political caricature—Thomas Nast, Joseph Keppler, Bernard Gillam, and a few others. I hoped for no higher status than to be among those who would follow in their wake. Dreamily I anticipated that my destiny was to succeed as a caricaturist of some influence in public affairs. Later on I became acquainted with the political and social satires of the leading graphic artists of England and France—Hogarth, Rowlandson, John Leech, George Cruikshank, John Tenniel, Dore, Daumier and Steinlen—and these were even greater stimulants to my ambition. . . .

Sometimes a prosperous individual will say to me: "Any man can succeed in his ambition if he really wants to. Take you, for instance. Haven't you accomplished what you wanted to do?" And I answer: "Yes"—Then I have a repentant feeling for saying it because "No" would be quite as correct. I tell him that "Yes" is only one small word of a full, honest answer; it is only a little part of the whole truth.

I point out that I was compelled to waste about half of my life scheming and worrying over the problem of making enough money to keep going, while attempting at the same time to put aside some of it for lean years and old age, like a dog hiding a bone. This exercise of my acquisitive sense, this trying to mix business with creative ability—though it did not strangle my talent—might have done so except for fortuitous circumstances, kind and encouraging parents, not much competition and an instinct which told me it ought not be strangled if I could possibly help it. Or perhaps a little bird singing in a tree-top just for joy helped to give me the hint. Finally I achieved a kind of success.

EARNING MONEY

Material considerations thwarted me at every turn of the road as they thwart most people in this sordid, vulgar society in which we live. My money-earning ability determined my right to exist, and I got through in a way —*but what a way!* Having spent so much of my time maneuvering to make enough cash with which to live decently, I count most of that effort a hindrance to my development, both as a man and as an artist. Instinctively most men are proud to be able to provide for themselves and their dependents, and I was no exception to the rule. That duty I accepted willingly. Still it seemed to me unworthy of any one to make that the main reason for living.

It took me a long time to understand why so much that surrounded me was too ugly to tolerate without protest. But eventually I learned the reason. I saw that the conduct of my fellow men could not be otherwise than disappointing, in fact parasitical and corrupt, and that most of our troubles stemmed from a cause which manifestly would grow worse so long as we put up with it.

That cause was Capitalism. Man's natural self-interest, become perverted and ruthless! The motivating principle of business (though not openly confessed), when summed up, meant: "Get yours; never mind the other fellow." I saw, too, that our law-makers and judges of the meaning of the law put property rights first and left human rights to shift for themselves.

Of course clergymen and other paid teachers and moralists admonished us to be upright and unselfish, and for people with good incomes it was easy to condemn those living on the edge of poverty as inferior, impractical, shiftless, and lacking respect for the social code. It was easy to shout "thief" at the other fellow when you had no temptation to steal—I mean steal in a petty way. But stealing by wholesale in business was accepted as a matter of course.

BATTLE OF ANIMALISM

I found that life was a continual struggle for most of us—the same urge which impelled the lives of wild animals—and that society dismissed this obvious truth as a negligible factor in determining human conduct as well as our mental and physical well-being. I began to see that this economic battle persisted even in the midst of an exhaustless plenty and that most humans lived and died trying to succeed in a material sense; in short, to reach the goal of a triumphant animalism.

For that was, and still is, "success." And the more one can acquire of physical comforts and delights the more is this success glorified. I know of course that these days the measure of a man's real worth is not taken for granted because of the size of the fortune he has piled up. But he is still the envied one—a shining example for having reached "the rugged heights." He is the winner, just as his kind were acclaimed back in the early years of the twentieth century, when individualism was king, and Socialism a mere theory of the crackpots and failures.

I think of myself as a kind of sample of the human race; in some respects a poor sample, and different, if not peculiar. But my problems, I feel, have been in the main much like those of most men and women, at least in this regional habitat of the race, the United States of America.

Every one of us is born with some kind of talent. In early manhood or womanhood each individual begins to see a path, though perhaps dimly, that beckons to him or her. All of us have this leaning toward, or desire for doing ably, a certain kind of work, and only want an opportunity to prove our capacity in that direction. These hunches, these signs of one's natural trend, are usually right, and are not to be thrust aside without regret in later life.

I am antagonistic to the money-making fetish because it sidetracks our natural selves, leaving us no alternative but to accept the situation and take *any* kind of work for a weekly wage. We are expected to "make good," which is another way of saying "make money." Therefore we do things for which we have no real understanding and often no liking, without thought as to whether it is best for us, and soon or late find that living has become drab and empty.

The retired millionaire trying to revert to a youthful love for painting or other tendency in the fine arts, is almost as pathetic as the poor man who has worked hard all his life at something in which he has no particular interest and nothing to show for it in either money or recognition.

We are all caught and hurt by the system, and the more sensitive we are to life's highest values the harder it is to bear the abuse.

I have just looked again at a splash of cartoon-bitterness against the money incentive which I made for an early issue of the *Masses*. It was called "Compulsory Worship." A picture of people in endless droves lashed by the demons of Want and Fear, forcing them to kneel in shameful supplication at the altar of The God Money. It matters not whether you believe in such idolatry—your tormentors compel your prayers. So most of us pray not for riches, but for just enough to assure our living in normal comfort and perhaps a little extra for funeral expenses at the end.

"I AM ONE OF MANY"

I do not think of myself as having arrived at any degree of achievement commensurate with my potential talent and capacity for work. I am just one among the many who have tried to approximate some measure of integrity in a world that is a sorry bewilderment of wretchedness and affluence.

I am just one who reached his maturity during the upsurge of individualism, with its so-called "self-made" men (the profit hounds) and their rise to dominance over government, the press, the church, the colleges, public business, and most of our country's institutions. I am just one who slowly grew aware of the wrongs resulting from such sovereignty, and then in his limited way tried to help in the work of bringing about social change.

ART YOUNG.

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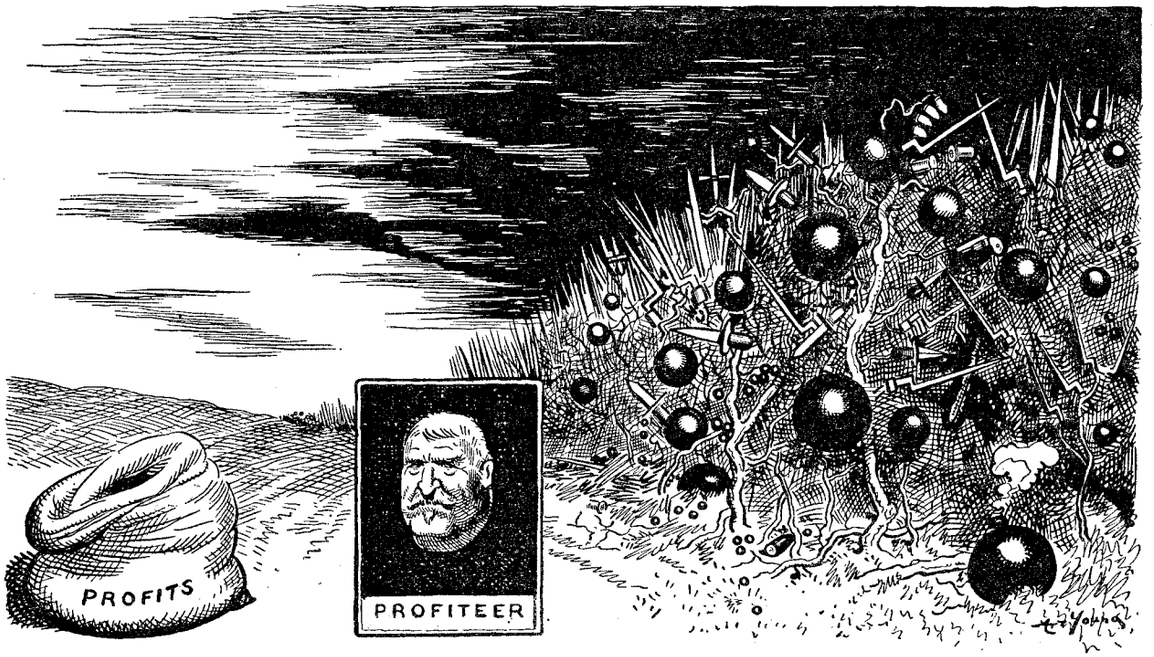
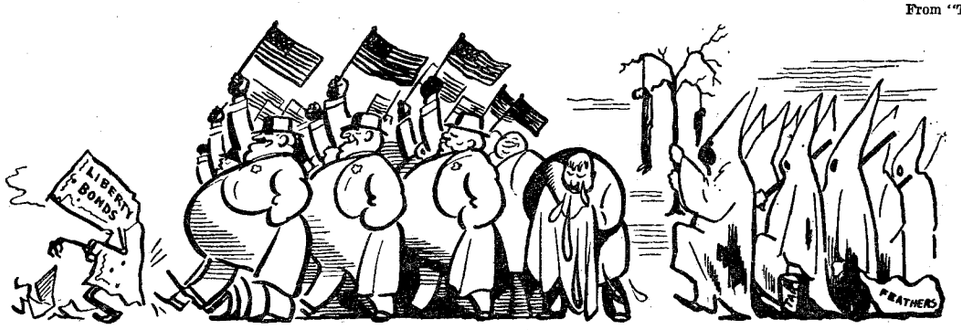
Art Young's Pen Fights Against War



The seed The sower The Crop

From "The Best of Art Young"



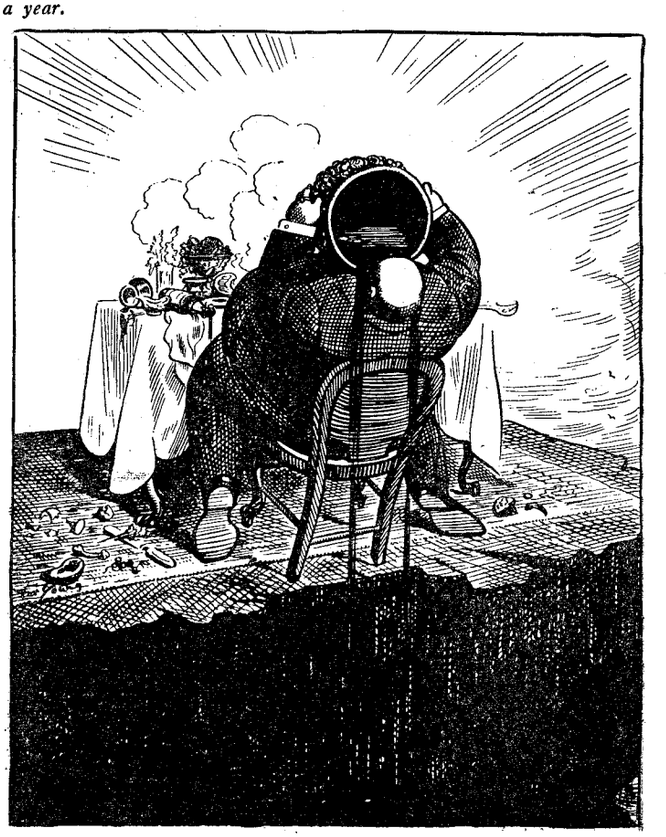
From "The Best of Art Young"

Are we ready for the next war? Never fear. We'll be with you boys for one buck a year.

From "Art Young's Inferno"

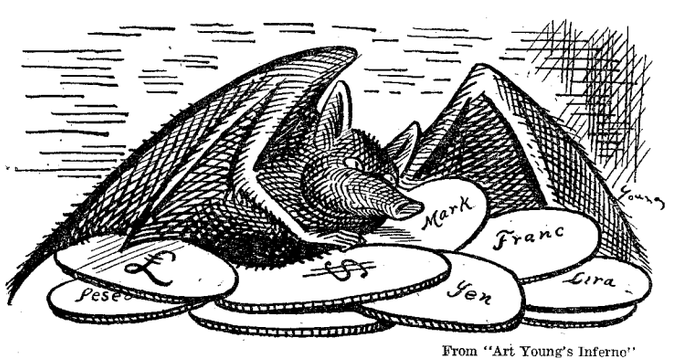
From "The Best of Art Young"

"Secret Diplomacy"



From "On My Way"

Capitalism



From "Art Young's Inferno"

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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(Continued from page 3)

Union's frustration of imperialist ambitions in Eastern Europe is in line with our own desire to keep out of Hitler's and Chamberlain's and Daladier's imperialist war. And not all the calumnies of the press can hide the direct gains to this country in the Far East and Latin America as a result of the splitting of the fascist axis by the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact. The "power politics" of the USSR is revealed as the advancing power of democracy and Socialism and the defeat of the forces of imperialism and war. That's good news for the common people everywhere.

Congress Gets Ready

CONGRESS is about to plunge into a torrid debate on the proposed revision of the Neutrality Act. Hopes of administration leaders that the debate would be short and the cash-and-carry principles advocated by President Roosevelt enacted without great opposition seem unlikely to be fulfilled. The last few days have seen a stiffening of the isolationist bloc and it now seems probable that on both sides the discussion will be bitter and prolonged. This is extremely unfortunate. At a time when the country needs to concentrate on forging an effective policy to keep us out of the European imperialist war, energies are being concentrated on what has become a decidedly secondary issue. At a time when the country needs for its own peace and security the utmost national unity, our people are being divided along lines that are unreal, that do not express the real cleavage which it is necessary to make between the pro-war and the anti-war forces.

In his message to Congress the President declared: "Our acts must be guided by one single hard-headed thought—keeping America out of this war." The American people undoubtedly believe in that principle wholeheartedly. But the trouble is that the Congressional debate is being conducted primarily on the basis of other considerations. To a large extent the impetus both for revision and for retention of the Neutrality Act is coming from powerful big business interests who from purely selfish motives desire to help one side or the other in the imperialist conflict. The American people, however, do not wish to be a party to either Hitler's or Chamberlain's game. But many are being deceived into supporting the isolationist or revisionist position in the mistaken belief that one or the other will guarantee this country against being involved.

It is a heartening sign that in the midst of this babel of propaganda from both sides, the trade unions are beginning to show that they at least are keeping their heads. The annual conventions of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers and the Transport Workers Union, both affiliated to the CIO, have adopted resolutions calling for strict neutrality. Similar resolutions were adopted at a conference of District 44, International Association of Machinists (AFL), at the convention of the Nebraska Federation of Labor, and at a meeting of the New Haven AFL Central Labor Council.

The special session of Congress would do well to cut debate on the Neutrality Act to a minimum and devote its major attention to those social measures that are indispensable to national security. The Workers Alliance has proposed revision of the Relief Act to increase WPA employment to 3,000,000 workers and eliminate the unjust restrictions that were voted at the last session. It is on issues of this kind that the majority of the people can be united. That unity can form the basis for a genuine peace program that will effectively guard us against involvement in the imperialist war.

Granville Hicks Resigns

GRANVILLE HICKS has resigned from the editorial board of *New Masses*. In his letter of resignation, Mr. Hicks describes his five-year association with the magazine as "pleasant and fruitful." It seems all the more ironical, therefore, that this association should terminate at a time when the basic policies of the magazine are being corroborated by world-shaking events.

These policies remain what they have been throughout the past five years, during which Mr. Hicks supported them. We exist to serve the cause of peace, democracy, and Socialism, all three of which we believe to be integrally related. We are unalterably opposed to fascism. We are opposed to the present imperialist war, just as we have been consistently opposed to the forces that have been preparing this war. We advocate an American peace program which will keep this country from becoming involved in the war. We continue to support, and with renewed energy, a domestic program which will serve the interests of the great majority of Americans. As supporters of the Socialist idea, we view with appreciation the success of the Soviet Union in strengthening its peace position and in liberating oppressed populations threatened by fascist conquest.

At a moment when basic policies undergo the crucial test of events, people who have supported those policies react in two different ways. Those who have thoroughly understood the ideas which they espoused will intensify their efforts to make their ideas prevail. The overwhelming majority of *New Masses* readers support us in this attitude. But people who have incompletely grasped the implications of their philosophy, or who are susceptible to the current of demoralization with which the enemy seeks to divide progressives in crucial periods, are compelled to abandon their previous positions. It is regrettable that Mr. Hicks should be among this group. Every severe test produces its quota of casualties, though it is sometimes difficult to predict who these casualties will be.

Mr. Hicks has left the magazine at a moment when the enemies of progress are intensifying their attack on peace, democracy, and Socialism. Progressives in America are confronted with the greatest challenge since the Wilson era. Unmindful of the great tradition, Mr. Hicks is taking the path of those men of good will who, during the World War, broke with the forces that continued to work for a truly humane future. That future works, as John Reed was able to foresee and as Lincoln Steffens was able to confirm. It is our historic privilege to continue the good fight of Reed and Steffens.

Who's Demoralized?

THERE has been much comment among the deep tacticians of Leon & Eddie's and other class struggle fronts about the "demoralization" in left-wing ranks as a result of the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact. Casualties among NEW MASSES readers and contributors are supposed to be something terrific despite the mysterious doubling of our newsstand sales in the last few weeks. That there is demoralization somewhere we have no doubt. But the last issue of the *New Republic,* which has been toiling manfully in the anti-Soviet vineyard, offers convincing evidence as to where it may be found.

The *New Republic* announces that it has received thirty-eight letters commenting on its attack on the Soviet-German pact. Of these, twenty-six defend the pact, three are neutral, and of the remaining ten (shouldn't it be nine?—the *New Republic's* arithmetic seems to be on a par with its political analysis) which favor the magazine's attitude, several "suggested congenital anti-Soviet bias." If the same proportion is maintained among all of the *New Republic's* readers, it means that the overwhelming majority reject the magazine's position on the pact.

Who Defends Our Rights?

THE first ten articles of the Constitution were one hundred and fifty years old last week. The Bill of Rights in the first month of the second imperialist war becomes an immediate thing in our lives; true to their rapacious objectives Chamberlain and Daladier have undermined all civil liberties in France and Britain, as the fascist

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oligarchs did years ago. America wants to keep out of their war; the truest measure of our people's ability to check the domestic imperialists lies in the protection of complete civil liberty. Sixty-seven prominent citizens of all creeds and political color hailed the anniversary with a call for vigilant defense of the Bill of Rights. The fight that must crystallize around this declaration has as its chief objective: countering the witch hunt of the Dies committee, already under way. We must also assure a democratic administration of American counter-espionage activity occasioned by the war. Dies' long headline prologue is rapidly changing into the actual drive against progressives. Sam Darcy, Philadelphia Communist leader, has already been arrested by the Radical Squad on a technical charge based on a California election petition of five years ago. The frame-up was inspired by Edward Sullivan, Dies stoolpigeon, and Governor Olsen of California is being pressed to extradite Darcy, who is under $2,500 bail. Governor Olsen should be asked in letters and telegrams not to become a party to Dies' anti-New Deal plot.

Beware the Disguised

THE role of the Second International's leadership in 1914-18 is tragically notorious. Scheidemann wanted German imperialism to win; Plekhanov stumped for his czarist fatherland. Their prototypes today chant the same weird tune but they have added another verse. They want war on the USSR.

Last week they cried lustily that the Soviet had "joined" with Hitler to "dismember" Poland. Their line was—as expressed by that jack-of-all-politics, Ludwig Lore, the New York *Post's* Trotskyist columnist—that Hitler was "freed" by the Soviet action to "go west." Norman Thomas emerged from his hopeless fog to say clearly enough that the United States should impose an embargo upon the Soviet Union. The Socialist *Forward* cried that it would be better for the Jews of Byelo Russia and the Ukraine to fall into Hitler's hands than to go into the one land where there can be no pogroms.

On Monday, September 18, Ludwig Lore pleaded for war on the USSR shamelessly, frantically. He speculated on the date "when the governments of Great Britain and France will declare war on Russia." Wednesday, September 20, disappointed that Chamberlain and Daladier were cleverer scoundrels than he, Lore wrote: "Perhaps they were correct in not declaring war on Russia." Then he queried: "Can the democracies sit quietly by while the Soviet Union collects the reward for selling out to the most fiendish enemy the working class ever had?"

But, unfortunately for Mr. Lore, on the following Sunday David Lloyd George wrote in the Philadelphia *Record:* "There is now an almost complete reversal of opinion as to the motive and effect of Stalin's move." Lloyd George's views of the Soviet's actions were those of George Bernard Shaw, "that it was a 'thus far and no farther' warning to Herr Hitler. The advance of the Russian Army to the border of Rumania and Hungary strengthens that conviction." Lloyd George castigated the British Government's betrayal of Poland; he excoriated Chamberlain's refusal to accept the proffered Soviet aid to Warsaw before the cannons began to roar.

Mr. Lore, driven to the wall on Monday, September 25, quoted Lloyd George but carefully omitted all the British statesman's references that praised the Soviets' stand. Lore admitted that perhaps Chamberlain and Daladier did not send enough aid to Poland. But, he concluded miraculously, "The statesmen in London have seen the tragic error of their ways and are ready to correct it." He neglected to sound his war cry against the Soviet Union in that particular column. Many bitter words are being swallowed as we go to press.

Remember Spain?

EUROPE has a fresh crop of refugees, another harvest in the imperialist war game. But the bravest of all people, cut down by Chamberlain treason and scattered by the flails of Hitler—the people of Spain—were early victims. Four hundred thousand of these front fighters and their women and children are still interned in French concentration camps. The outbreak of war hampers aid by French progressives. "The responsibility of the American people therefore becomes greater," says Bishop Francis J. McConnell, chairman of the Spanish Refugee Campaign, in calling an emergency conference of Spanish refugee organizations in Washington, October 7 and 8.

The conference meets to act on a nine-point relief program, including maintenance of children's colonies; U. S. Government action to denounce Franco reprisals, to force Franco to guarantee amnesty to returning refugees, to grant U. S. asylum, to admit on unused immigration quotas International Brigade fighters unable to return to their own countries, to devise legislation for Congressional relief grants outside our own borders, to send surplus U. S. commodities to the refugees, to obtain U. S. Government loans for refugee agricultural resettlement in Mexico, France, North Africa, etc.; and to establish Spanish cultural projects throughout the Americas.

Shifts in the East

JAPANESE armies are reported driving fiercely along the Hankow-Canton railway toward the city of Changsha. Assuming they capture the city, this would only be a pyrrhic victory because the Chinese razed it to the ground last October in anticipation of a similar drive at that time.

But the renewed military activity in Central China as well as the bombings in Fukien province represent preparation on the part of the Japanese for the consolidation of their fragile hold in China through the traitorous Wang Ching Wei clique. After the admitted frustration along the Mongolian frontier, the Japanese need spectacular military victories before they can move toward "settlement" in China.

The choice of Admiral Nomura as Minister for Foreign Affairs in the new cabinet and the probable appointment of a new ambassador to the United States in the person of Saburo Kurusu is all connected with the changed situation in which the Japanese find themselves as a result of the war in Europe and the fiasco of the "anti-Comintern" policy.

A major effort is being made to conciliate American opinion and gain increased American economic support for Japan's projected consolidation of its territories. Toward Europe, the Japanese will attempt a profitable neutrality, hoping to recoup economic strength so badly depleted by the war invasion of China. Whether the United States will play ball remains to be seen. Certainly, the two-faced policy of tantalizing China with a measly $25,000,000 in credits, while continuing a generous economic support to Japan (56 percent of her imports) must not continue.

Progressives want China to win; want Japan to back down. The United States can be decisive in this respect by withdrawing her scrap iron, oil, copper, and aircraft parts from the Mikado-men.

Sigmund Freud

ONE of the greatest living Germans, who happened also to be a Jew, has died an exile in London. Sigmund Freud revolutionized psychology and more than any of his contemporaries contributed toward the development of a science of the individual personality. By his emphasis on the psychological influence of environment and education rather than on heredity; by his revolutionary theory of the unconscious as a potential generator of wit, and every manifestation of human genius in the arts and sciences—a potential generator at the disposal of every human being regardless of race, creed, color, or previous condition of intellectual servitude termed I. Q.—Freud has in fact furnished a scientific psychological basis for many of the postulates of progressive social movements.

But after formulating a theory whose chief merit was that it explained psychologic function without recourse to genetic fatalism—Freud yielded in his later period to speculative temptations and tried to fit artificial genetic limbs to the normally functioning body of his theory. In the semi-fascist deviations of his former disciple Jung, with his theory of a hereditary "racial" unconscious, the dangerous drift of Freud's later speculations is apparent. And Freud's attempts to explain social phenomena in purely psychoanalytic terms represented an abandonment of scientific method. Nevertheless, his positive contribution is of enormous value. It has laid the basis for a true science of the human personality.

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Writers and the War

The second of two articles by Samuel Sillen on the role of writers in the struggle for democracy and a genuine peace.

Over four hundred American writers contributed to a symposium last year on the war in Spain. Almost unanimously they declared their firm opposition to Franco and fascism, their full-hearted support of the legal government and the people of Republican Spain. On this issue American authors were not neutral. The symposium was published by the League of American Writers under a very significant title: *Writers Take Sides.*

No intelligent writer *can* be neutral toward the great issues of his time. Sooner or later, compelled by his own sensitive awareness to the fate of humanity, he must speak out. Sooner or later the writer becomes conscious of responsibility as a spokesman for the common interest; he must take sides. There seems to be no option, Emerson told the citizens of Concord in 1851; the writer must, in critical times, speak on the great questions of the day. Reluctantly perhaps, but firmly, Emerson made speech after speech on the Fugitive Slave Law: "The last year has forced us all into politics, and made it a paramount duty to seek what it is often a duty to shun. We do not breathe well. There is infamy in the air." And Thoreau, who had dwelt, as he says, "in the illusion that my life passed somewhere only *between* heaven and hell," awoke to the reality that he lived *"wholly within* hell," the hell of Massachusetts which returned slaves to their masters. "Art is as long as ever," he told an anti-slavery convention, "but life is more interrupted and less available for a man's proper pursuits. . . . If we would save our lives, we must fight for them."

Neutrality, then, is a myth for any responsible writer. The question is not whether he shall take sides, but what side he ought to take. In broad terms American writers have answered this question. They are, above all, on the side of culture, for they know that the defense of culture is a sure guide to the defense of everything that is worth preserving: peace, democracy, and the economic welfare of the people. Without these, culture is doomed. And because fascism in the past five years has been the main enemy of peace, democracy, popular economic welfare—and therefore of culture—American writers have taken sides against fascism. No intelligent writer can be neutral toward fascism.

The question that is raised, therefore, is whether support of American neutrality with respect to the present imperialist war is not neutrality toward fascism. Ought not the anti-fascist writer, in short, take sides in this war as he did in the Spanish war? The answer, I am deeply convinced, is No, and for the very simple reason that the same sides do not exist. American writers will not easily forget that Chamberlain, the spokesman for British imperialism, also took sides in the Spanish war; he took the side of Franco and fascism. The governing classes of Britain and France have collaborated with the aggressors for years. They have criminally obstructed the creation of a peace bloc to halt the aggressors. Their palpable insincerity at Munich was followed by their palpable insincerity in the negotiations at Moscow. Now they are saying that it was impossible for them to help Poland; yet they refused to allow the Soviet Army to help Poland. Today it is just as true as ever that Chamberlain's interests, the interests of British imperialism, are not peace or democracy or the economic welfare of the people. If this were truly a war against fascism, writers would not need to be neutral, any more than we were in the Spanish war. Neutrality in the republican struggle against fascism would have meant betrayal of our ideal; our failure to be neutral in the imperialist rivalry which constitutes the basis of the present war would be an equal betrayal.

Does this analysis constitute an about-face? Is it true, as the enemies of collective security maintain, that the "war party" of yesterday has become the "peace party" of today? Not at all. Those who sought to establish a united bloc against aggression were advocating a peace policy. Had the peoples of Britain and France exercised enough pressure to oust Chamberlain and Daladier, the opponents of a peace front, they would not today be engaged in war. Some people say: But suppose a peace front *had* been established, and suppose Hitler had attacked in spite of the preponderance of forces—would the war then have differed in character from the present war? Undoubtedly. It is true that after the surrender of Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia the peace bloc would have been no *absolute guarantee* against war, though still the most effective assurance against war. But if war had to come in any case, three decisive factors would have been present: (1) the overwhelming preponderance of forces against the aggressor would have assured a swift victory instead of a long-drawn-out war in which the populations of all the belligerent countries will suffer untold hardships; (2) Britain and France would have been led, not by Chamberlain and Daladier, but by the democratic coalition of forces which had defeated the imperialist opponents of the peace bloc; and (3) the participation of the Soviet Union, plus the popular elements in Britain and France, would have assured a just and democratic peace, rather than a new Versailles.

The imperialists of Britain and France, like the imperialists in Germany, dreaded the democratic peace which an anti-aggressor bloc might have succeeded in maintaining, just as they dreaded the democratic war which, in any eventuality, the anti-aggressor bloc could have fought. Collective security did not fail; it was simply not tried, for the simple reason that the imperialists succeeded in foiling the desire of their populations. And the absence of collective security has created the war—and the kind of war—which collective security would have averted. It is perfectly logical, therefore, that the peace forces which advocated collective security are the same peace forces that attack the imperialist war.

But one is beginning to hear the argument that Chamberlain's imperialism, though ad-

Death Mask

The Unknown Worker

The soldier is quiet in the monument,
his bones spoken over
for his work with weapons.
His comrade is restless,
his worms unlit
by the state's ordered flame.

He is unburied:
scarcely warmed at his furnace,
or coldly prone under slag;
He is unturned in his furrow;
or the tall building
has grown through his spine;
Or somewhere with copper
lately wound; or the gold miles
upon his eyes.

He is unburied:
who worked with tools
in their houses;
Who bore them
in safe hulls
through the night wind.
But he is the man in the monument:
cited for his work with guns
and too quiet for laughter.

He was also the land and its use:
the mask is of structures,
of his huge cities.

DON GORDON.

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mittedly bad enough, is somehow "less bad" than Hitler's imperialism. How tragically this reminds us of the arguments which smoothed the way for our entrance into the last war! French Socialist writers joined the dance-of-death partnership of Churchill and the Czar in defense of "democracy." German-American Socialists, like Dr. Steinmetz, warned, on the other hand, that a Russian victory over the Kaiser "threatened destruction to all that Socialism has accomplished by submergence under an autocracy based on the illiterate masses." Plekhanoff, a Russian Socialist, held that "victory of Germany means the setback of progress in Western Europe and the definite, or almost definite, triumph of Russian despotism." In short, the various Social-Democratic parties of the Second International supported the wars of their respective governments, despite the fact that this meant the untold suffering of their comrades in their own and in the hostile countries. It would be easy, though uncharitable, I am afraid, to mention American writers who cheered American involvement in the war on the ground that British, French, and American imperialisms were "less bad" than German imperialism.

To these intellectual jingoists, one stern question was put by Randolph Bourne, who was one of the few writers to keep his head. "Whence our confidence," he asked, "that history will not unravel huge economic and imperialist forces upon which our rationalizations float like bubbles?" History has underscored the significance of this question. History has confirmed Lenin's profound conclusion that a war between rival imperialisms cannot, unless its character is radically altered by the people, come to a democratic and truly peaceful issue.

"Idealism," Bourne wrote, "should be kept for what is ideal." We make a mockery of our idealism if we bestow it uncritically upon the enemy of our ideal, if we bestow it upon an imperialist war which is waged not for the liberation of mankind, but for its enslavement, under whatever form or phrase. It is easy enough, heaven knows, to conceive of a just war against fascism; indeed we have had heroic examples of such wars. Spain and China have engaged in wars to defend their peoples from aggression and enslavement. The armies of the people have fought, and still fight, for our ideal, and we ought to continue and increase our support to them. Any fight which is truly against fascism is a just fight. But the essence of the present situation is that a true fight against fascism is not being waged, just as in 1914-18 a true fight against imperialism and autocracy was not waged. The Chamberlains and the Churchills have been transformed no whit.

What our ideal is concerned with, I take it, is peace and democracy, and therefore the creation of conditions under which peace and democracy may permanently prevail. They cannot prevail unless the peoples of the various lands are allowed the greatest possible freedom in determining the kind of society which will serve their interests. An army of liberation, like that of the Soviet Union in east Poland, is an army which defends a people against imperialist conquest. An army of conquest, like that which is directed by Hitler and Chamberlain, is an army which places populations under the yoke of imperialism. The reception accorded by the people to the two types of armies is a significant index of the differences between them. The peasants of eastern Poland traded cigarettes with the Red Army of liberation; the workers of western Poland traded bullets with the Nazi army of invasion and conquest.

It follows that the oppressed people of Germany will react differently toward different armies. In his new book, *Hitler Is No Fool,* Karl Billinger makes the point quite clear: "Any genuine support from the outside world will certainly be welcomed by the German anti-fascists. But such assistance, whether rendered in peace or war, must be genuinely democratic. A new Versailles, imposed by British and French imperialism upon a defeated Germany, would overthrow Hitler only to create a new Hitler." This astute observation, written before the outbreak of war, should be coupled with another: "German fascism can be destroyed only by destroying the social order that breeds it." But such a destruction—in reality a democratic *construction*—is precisely what is not desired by the Chamberlains and Daladiers. For it would not only destroy fascism; it would destroy the basis of the predatory design which the British and French rulers would like to impose on the German population, a design which would differ in no essential respect from that which was imposed in 1918. For, as Billinger demonstrates, one of the keys to world politics is "the quaking of the Chamberlains and Daladiers at the thought of a Socialist revolution in Germany, Italy, Spain, or wherever fascism might experience a defeat."

So that American writers, who are far from neutral toward fascism, must clearly realize that support of British and French imperialism is not support of genuine democracy. It goes without saying, that the same is true of German imperialism. The present character of the war does not bring us closer to our ideal of peace, democracy, popular economic welfare—the bases of culture. It is, on the contrary, a threat to our ideal. We do not become neutral toward fascism when we adopt a position of neutrality toward the second imperialist war. Nor do we help the fight against fascism by taking sides with an imperialism which has no intention to fight fascism and its social base. It is our primary responsibility to keep America out of a war fought on both sides for self-aggrandizement. America's neutrality will be a mighty force in defense of culture. If we should become involved in war, we should learn soon enough, as we did after 1917, the disastrous consequences of our folly. We shall have fought a war for democracy of which the bitter fruit of military victory will be the defeat of democracy. We shall have fought for a peace which sowed the seeds of

Dear Mr. Chamberlain

and the House of Lords and the Official Seal;
I hope you all feel well because
things have taken a very bad turn.
We have heard your sadness by oceanic radio,
we understand, we understand, we understand
when the subtle plan has lost control, and
the enemy is real, and his planes suddenly actual
in the cold sun, and you are wise so very wise
(but from the distant East were men wiser than you . . .)

Remain, therefore, always in our memory as
the feudal bringer of our beautiful peace
in our time, and we remember it well.
Remember the last sell-out: but that was
in another country, and besides, the year is dead.
Remember the earlier fallen cities
remember your holiday flights over the channel
when the enemy was not precisely the enemy
and the alarm was false, the siren meaningless . . .

And now, above all, after the iodine,
after the fruit is turned bitter in the mouth
do not reach for the correct antidote
for there is none, there is nothing now
but the House of Lords and the Official Seal
and the Duke of Windsor once retired and
now heroically appointed Major General.

NORMAN ROSTEN.

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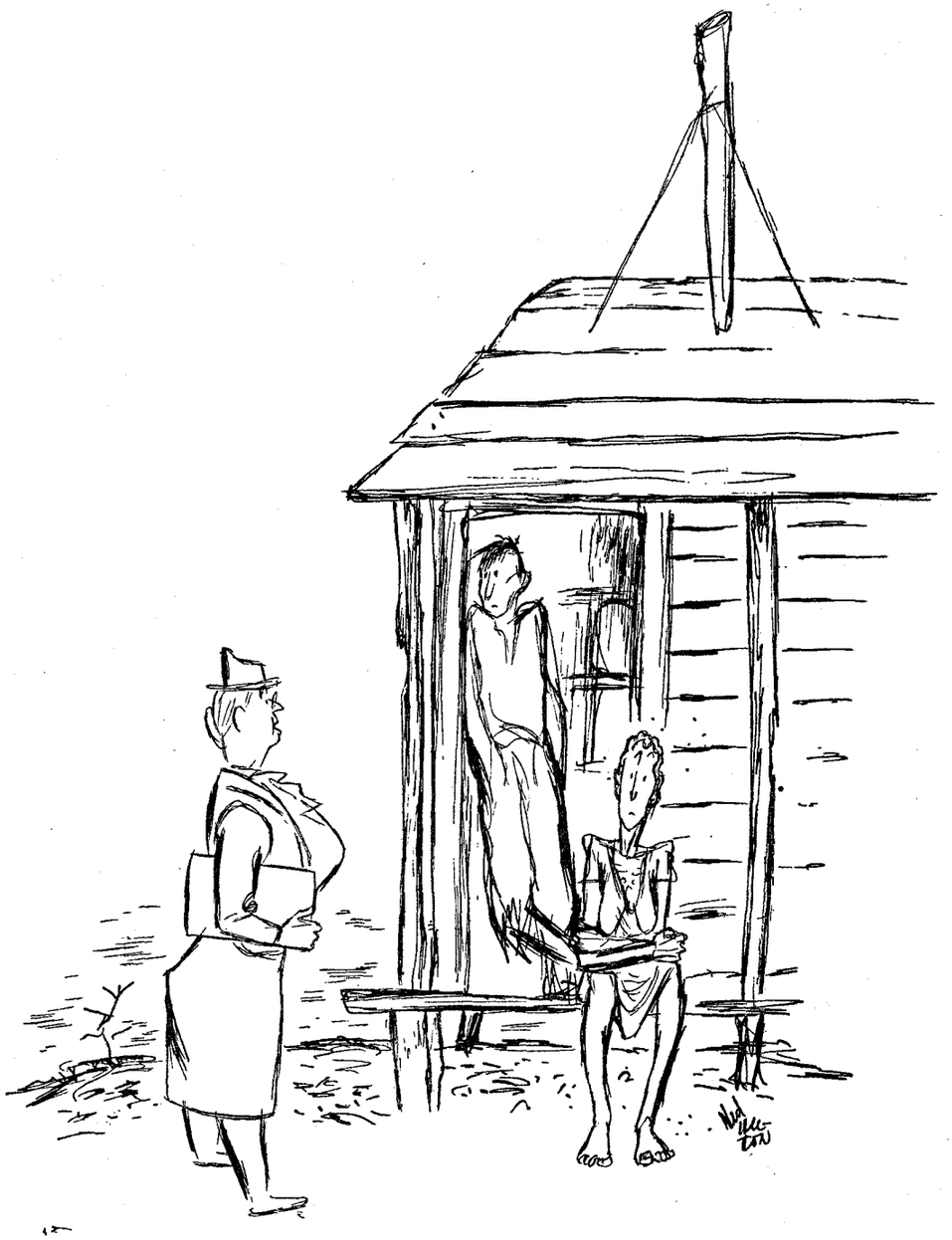

Ned Hilton

"Science says if you eat a balanced diet you'll live longer."

a greater war. No, the writers of America, whose duty it is to be the conscience of America, must refuse to take sides between the rival imperialisms. For in taking sides with Chamberlain, no less than with Hitler, they will no longer be taking sides against fascism. Every experience that we have suffered confirms the truth of such a slogan at this crucial moment in our history.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Heredity

YOU AND HEREDITY, *by Amram Scheinfeld. Frederick A. Stokes. $3.*

THE trouble with most "popular science" books is that they either sacrifice science to popularity or sugar-coat raw chunks of technical matter with a bright preface and conclusion. Here is a book that steers clear of both difficulties. Mr. Scheinfeld frankly approaches his subject as an extremely well-informed student who looks into the laboratories to discover what they reveal about the immediate applications of heredity to the layman's problems. Will it be a boy or girl? How account for twins? Are cancer, baldness, a nasty disposition inherited? What are my chances for survival? Is there such a thing as an "inferior race?" What is a "perfect" mate? And so on. The answers are illuminating, and the analysis of hereditary factors is controlled throughout by reference to the influence of environment. The social and the biological are linked in genetic studies, as the charts in this volume forcefully demonstrate. *You and Heredity* disposes of fascist race nonsense and blueblood ancestor worship. It gives the scientific *coup de grace* to mystical doctrines like predestination. This is at the same time a witty book. Like Dr. Harold Aaron's recent *Our Common Ailment,* Mr. Scheinfeld's volume proves that an occasional laugh at our own expense is perhaps the best way to get rid of our ill-founded fancies about our own bodies.

S. S.

Labor's Millions

ORGANIZED LABOUR IN FOUR CONTINENTS, *by H. A. Marquand and others. Longman's, Green & Co., $4.*

OVER 24,000,000 trade unionists of the Soviet Union are not yet included in the International Federation of Trade Unions. At the recent Zurich Congress, the vote of forty-six delegates, representing a minority of IFTU membership, defeated thirty-seven delegates who represented a majority favoring world trade union unity.

What was back of this vote in the international body, now embracing about 20,000,000 organized workers in twenty-five national federations? Answers to this question are scattered through a volume on *Organized Labour in Four Continents,* by H. A. Marquand and others, a valuable discussion of trade unions in eleven centers, including France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Scandinavia, the Soviet Union, the United States, Canada, Mexico, Australia, and Japan. Most significant is the chapter on trade unions in the Soviet Union by Maurice H. Dobb, author of *Russian Economic Development since the Revolution* and of *Political Economy and Capitalism.*

Effectively answering the charge that union membership in the USSR is compulsory, Dobb analyzes the nature of Soviet trade unions and the difference between union functions under capitalism and under socialism. These twenty-eight pages are so good that they should be reprinted in pamphlet form for masses of readers who will never see this 518-page volume.

On trade unions in the United States from 1920 to 1937, Selig Perlman contributes a fairly impartial record of post-war trends, labor under the New Deal, and the rise of the Congress of Industrial Organizations. He sees trade union unity as of paramount importance for the American labor movement, especially on the political front: "In the American community, constituted as it is, labour's success in politics is utterly impossible without unity. . . . Truly the future of American labour may be decided by the speed with which the breach in its economic organization will be repaired."

GRACE HUTCHINS.

Moley After Seven Years

AFTER SEVEN YEARS, *by Raymond Moley. Harper & Bros. $3.*

WHEN he came to Washington in the Roosevelt entourage, Mr. Moley was not exactly a political neophyte. He had taught politics and had been through the whirlwind campaign of 1932. But somehow

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he never got beyond the amateur class. The shrewd boys with iron constitutions, the professional game hunters, burned him to a crisp at almost every turn. Mr. Moley, as he sees it, has had more damage done him than a session of Congress hit by a tornado. This book then is a record of grievances—grievances against Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hull, and a host of gentlemen who could never be labeled dilettanti. No doubt that on some occasions Moley was wronged. But his inordinate sense of self-importance (his aggrieved countenance gazes out of seven of the book's nine news pictures), his depiction of himself as kingmaker, as the brains moving the presidential body and finally as the sacrificial lamb on the Roosevelt altar make his bill of complaints too transparent for any critical eye. So far as I can discover Mr. Moley's politics are those of disagreement with the President, particularly during those moments when Mr. Roosevelt has stigmatized big business. And so to the Garner wing of the Democratic Party the book will give aid and comfort. On the New Deal tally sheet, however, Mr. Moley's association with the White House will be reckoned as very small potatoes.

JOHN STUART.

The American Negro

THE NEGRO FAMILY IN THE UNITED STATES, *by E. Franklin Frazier. University of Chicago Press. $4.*

IN this exhaustive and penetrating study, Professor Frazier of Howard University examines the patterns of Negro family relations from the pre-Civil War plantation era to the modern period of urbanization and industrialization. The social-economic forces which determine the historical development of all family groups may be most plainly observed in the experience of a people who have been victimized by these forces. The "instinctive" patterns of behavior attributed by pseudo-scientists to the Negro family are in reality *unnatural* patterns imposed by the economic interests of a dominant social group. Thus, under slavery, many masters "mated their chattel as they did their stock." Family ties were violently disrupted in the open slave market. Mothers were driven into the fields when the child was only three or four weeks old. In this period of "motherhood in bondage" the mother remained the dominant figure in the slave family. It was among the half-million *free* Negroes before the Civil War that the family was first established on an institutional basis. The economic subordination of woman, following emancipation, tended to shift the weight of family authority to the father, though the maternal family tradition persisted. Economically, the masses of Negroes, in this period, became croppers and tenants under a modified plantation system. Socially, a specific folk culture emerged which inevitably differed from the dominant white pattern, in view of the enforced isolation of the Negro. The next momentous change in Negro family life was the migration to the cities which began in 1900 and was accelerated following the World War. Family disorganization has accompanied the dissolution of rural folkways and the collapse of earning power. At the same time, the occupational differentiation of the urban-industrial era has created the conditions for Negro-white cooperation, which is a hopeful sign for a truly emancipated future. In tracing these developments, Professor Frazier combines the scrupulous devotion to fact which has always distinguished his sociological inquiries with a profoundly human understanding of the personal problems of his fellow men in a hostile environment. This is a vital contribution to a science of American society and a program of American liberation.

S. S.

Eduard Benes

DEMOCRACY TODAY AND TOMORROW, *by Eduard Benes. The Macmillan Co. $3.*

THIS is a series of lectures delivered this year at the University of Chicago. The analysis of how democracy arose is eloquent but almost wholly understates the economic and material conditions which accompanied that rise. Dr. Benes' treatment of fascism suffers from the same failing. Toward Communism, Benes exhibits a strange embarrassment. For while he adheres to the thesis that Communism and fascism are both anti-democratic ideologies, he devotes to the former only one-twelfth of the discussion. There is a reason for that. Benes is a democrat in the era when capitalism as a system is declining, when imperialist rivalries have already destroyed the independence of his homeland. To appreciate the full relation between Communism and democracy would mean to undermine the position of that class which Benes represents. That he is not able to do, without becoming something else than he is.

J. S.

Lincoln in Pictures

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A BIOGRAPHY IN PICTURES, *by Agnes Rogers. Little, Brown and Co. $2.*

A PHOTO-CONSCIOUS nation should welcome this photo-biography of its greatest figure. The idea is splendid. Despite obvious difficulties, Miss Rogers has succeeded in giving the picture-story continuity and authenticity. She has rejected all the idealized portraits of the post-Lincoln era in favor of contemporary studies. The pictures of Lincoln himself are supplemented, with good taste and understanding, by Brady's photographs of the Civil War background and by contemporary sketches in *Harper's Weekly,* Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly,* and other publications. The 175 pictures from photographs, paintings, lithographs, and prints, some of them rare, are arranged in chronological order. The accompanying text is simple and to the point. It is the sort of book that will appeal to school children as well as to scholars—which is as it should be, considering the subject. An unusually interesting addition to Lincolniana.

S. S.

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Screen Writers Close Ranks

Ella Winter tells the story of unionization in the writers' bungalows. . . . The Screen Writers' Guild fights for security and professional rights.

"WE FEEL you writers are being misled and that this is purely an attempt to gain control of the industry," the late Irving Thalberg was quoted as saying at the hearings of the Screen Writers' Guild before the National Labor Relations Board in Los Angeles. "Under no circumstances can we permit any group to dictate our policies because we must protect our stockholders, many of whom are widows and children." And he told Tess Slesinger: "I believe in unions for laborers but not for artists."

Luci Ward, another screen writer, reported producer Jack Warner's words: "You hear a lot of talk about everybody being born free and equal, but that's just a lot of sentimental hooey. We're not born free and equal. You and I wear collars and guys who work on the back lot don't because we've got more brains than they have."

If writers in Hollywood were treated as artists probably this whole case would never have come up. It is partly because they are considered merely as rewrite men much of the time, that they have organized and are fighting. And, strange paradox, though writers are little heard of in connection with the movies they make, they are the group most feared by Hollywood producers. Writers deal with those uncontrollable entities, "ideas"; and you don't know where an idea might lead you.

There had been a Screen Writers' Guild since 1921, but for the most part it had lain dormant. When the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was formed in 1927 —by Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg, Douglas Fairbanks, and others—writers were invited to join and discuss their grievances in a friendly manner. But since both writers and their employers belonged, the organization was little more than a tea-table union and didn't achieve much.

During the bank holiday of 1933 writers were asked by a weeping Louis B. Mayer and Cecil B. de Mille to "save the industry" by taking a 50 percent cut. Promised that everyone would do so and that it would only last as long as the industry was in straits, the writers agreed. A few months later it was learned that MGM had made a $5,000,000 profit in that quarter. But no back salaries were paid.

But writers' grievances today have more to do with other matters than with salaries. They want economic security; but they want self-respect and dignity, too. And that's not so easy when your story can be altered by another writer who is called in without your being told; when anything you write can be changed on the set by actor, director, producer or script girl without your consent; when screen credits appear only illegibly in much of the publicity and writers' names are hardly mentioned by newspapers in their movie reviews. In fact, the "by-line" of the screen writer is so little respected that many moviegoers, who know the private life of the least extra, do not know who wrote even the greatest picture.

But screen credits are an economic asset since they help a writer's prestige and count toward his next job. Producers carelessly credit any writer who has worked on a picture (and ten to fifteen people may work on one movie), usually picking the last writers rather than those who have worked most or most effectively. Therefore, the Screen Writers' Guild is asking to take over the job of assigning credits.

Writers also want the right to own what they write in their off-time—when not paid by a studio. At present, studios own everything a writer creates—plays, novels, radio scripts, poems—if written while he is under contract, and a contract for one year calls for three months without pay. With radio becoming increasingly important, and television around the corner, writers fairly naturally resent their inability to own and sell what they write in their "lay-off" period.

Other things the guild has been asking for are vacations with pay (at least one week after a year's contract), a certain amount of notice to be given for termination of contracts, and abolition of the "treatment" system, whereby a producer will ask many writers to give him a treatment, and then choose another writer, giving neither pay nor credit for the treatments made. A minimum wage of $125 weekly is demanded for writers whose total working time has been six months in one studio or twelve months altogether. As it is now, many writers are paid $50 a week year after year, and get no raise, not because they are incompetent, but because they are young (and the trend is to employ increasing numbers of young writers), or because they have not attained "prestige," which shoots salary figures up.

Although organized into a pleasant "club" for many years, it was not till the salary cut that writers really began their trade union education. The Screen Writers' Guild rapidly signed up some four to five hundred members and enthusiastic membership meetings were regularly held. After a sell-out by the film coordinator appointed under the NRA in 1935, a strong guild in 1936 asked for affiliation with the Authors' League and Dramatists' Guild, a new constitution, and a provision that no writer sign a contract after May 1938—a tactic designed to put writers in a position to force producers to bargain collectively.

At these last two demands, producers took enormous fright. If their writers really were to have the position, prestige, and rights of New York dramatists, the present chaotic conditions of screen-making would end, directors and producers would be nothing, and the next demand would be Guild Shop! And New York writers, "who hate us," in the words of Irving Thalberg, would dominate Hollywood. Beyond that loomed the bogey "control of material." Where would the producing companies be, and their backers in Wall Street, if mere writers—artists—rebels —were to say what went into movies, what propaganda was made! Fade-out. And fade-in, to . . .

A "terror" campaign such as one would hardly credit to steel owners, designed to frighten writers and break the guild. The full details of that astonishing producer attack, never before told, are coming out now in the hearings before the NLRB in Los

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Angeles. Hearings which charge the producing companies with "coercion, interference, and restraint," which reveal not only the uninhibited attempts to terrorize writers, but the kind of weapons the producing companies clutched at. Strong-arm squads were sent into writers' offices to force resignations. The Red scare was brought up. Guild leaders who were conservative, or at most liberal, intellectuals—Ernest Pascal, Dudley Nichols, Ralph Bloch, Oliver H. P. Garrett, Edwin Justus Mayer—were called "sons-of-bitches, bastards, and goddamned Reds." Mr. Warner told Mr. Dalton Trumbo: "You writers are being misled by your leaders, who are a bunch of radical ——s and soap-box ——s. In fact," he added, "many of them are under investigation by the Department of Justice."

Dire consequences were threatened if writers didn't abandon their guild. They would never be employed again, and "it would all be done by telephone" so that there would be no blacklist; when writers were dropped, it would be guild members who would go first; writers wouldn't be fired, they would simply not be hired. "We producers are organizing," said one of their number, "and we're going to smash this guild business right now. If you don't think we mean it, just try us and see." Printed forms of resignation were sent to every writer or handed him personally by his employer—and to make sure of his signature, were collected again. Meetings and personal interviews were held at which producers told writers to resign—"or else."

Some forms of intimidation were funny. Conservative writers, coming to the aid of the producers, published letters and advertisements in the trade papers (a good deal of political hither-and-thithering in Hollywood is done by ads in trade papers). One, which was spread over ten pages, took the form of a legal opinion handed down by a firm of lawyers that all unions were "in restraint of trade" and their members liable for prosecution. Herman Manckiewicz placed a $150 ad in the Hollywood *Reporter* informing "Writers of Hollywood: You have nothing to lose but your brains," and signing it "In the Year of the Terror, One." Another writer issued a plea to the better writers to "stick up for rugged individualism," arguing that trade unionism protected only the incompetent.

And during this time wives were being asked to tea parties and spoken to by producers' wives, or warned at beauty shops and in gymnasiums as to what would happen to their guild husbands. "My dear, it would be just too bad, but——"

And last, full-armed out of the head of Thalberg, appeared the Screen Playwrights —the rival writers' organization. It has always been rumored that it was drawn up in Irving Thalberg's office but those that were there won't tell. At the present NLRB hearings Edward J. Mannix, an MGM producer, did tell that its contract had been drawn up several months before. There was a neat double-cross—five conservative writers joining the SWG executive on the understanding that a compromise would be drawn up, and then, when the SWG agreed to recommend affiliation with the Authors' League *in principle* only, walking out. Next day formation of the Screen Playwrights was announced. (Robert Riskin, one of them, remained with the guild, however, announcing that it might be a Rover Boyish sentiment but he didn't approve of double-cross.) The Screen Playwrights threw their weight in with the producers, copying their tactics and phrases. The guild was making a mistake turning its leadership over to "New York gangsters and racketeers," they said, thus characterizing leaders of the Authors' League. "I can smell the dead, stinking hand of trade unionism creeping through the transom," Grover Jones wailed. (The same Grover Jones, who in 1937 testified that "most screen writers are lice when it comes down to honor.") James Gow told at the hearings how one of the Playwrights tried to get him to join that organization. To draw him out, Gow said: "I don't want to join any more radical organizations." "Oh," Howard Emmett Rogers reassured him, "Darryl Zanuck told us, 'Boys, when I look at you, I see that I don't have to be afraid of writers.'"

The total effect of the attack was that seventy-eight guild members resigned, as well as about one hundred associate members. The suggestion about contracts ending in May 1938 was dropped. The guild was apparently smashed.

But this did not settle the problem. In 1937, with the affirmative decision as to the constitutionality of the Wagner act, the ferment began again. Lines were re-formed, the guild built itself rapidly and enthusiastically and in the fall an election before the NLRB declared the Screen Writers' Guild sole bargaining agent for writers. Only, the producers wouldn't recognize it. Their contention has been right along that the Wagner act had no jurisdiction over movies which are not engaged in interstate commerce, and that writers are not employees within the meaning of the act.

The guild brought its charges before the NLRB again, but before a word of evidence could be spoken, company attorneys agreed to recognize the guild as sole exclusive bargaining agent. But they refused to dissolve the Screen Playwrights. (An SP clause is still inserted in every writer's contract.) The SWG bargaining committee, consisting of Charles Brackett, Sheridan Gibney, Lillian Hellman, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Philip Dunne, son of Mr. Dooley) has been bargaining with the producers for nearly a year, their minimum demands boiled down to an 80 percent guild shop, ownership of material written during lay-off, and a two-year contract with permission to reopen arbitration when major changes occur. Producers have been holding out for studio ownership of most material written during lay-off, a 70 percent guild shop, and a ten-year contract.

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Countless meetings got no further than pained surprise on the part of the producers that writers should not trust them, when their offer of a ten-year contract shows how much they trust writers!

There is greater probability now, however, that the guild will win its demands. In the last few years there have been great changes in Hollywood. The town has become union-conscious and world-conscious. A dozen progressive organizations have developed: a writers' section of the Motion Picture Democratic Committee, a group which has proven itself a force in both state and national politics; a Hollywood branch of the League of American Writers with nearly two hundred members. Both these groups have given writers more of a standing in the community and nerved them for a stronger union stand. The trade unions have grown. Contracts have been signed between the producing companies and the Screen Actors, the Screen Directors and a hatful of other "talent" guilds; the IATSE (International Association of Theatrical and Stage Employees) has not yet won its battle to rid itself of racketeering leaders, but the international officials have been widely exposed, and with that the bribery of the leaders by certain producers. Even if the recent split-off group, the USTG (United Studio Technicians Guild) does not win its election before the NLRB, its very formation is witness to the state of affairs in the old union. And other changes are equally far-reaching. Producers who were anti-guild are now asking for the support of progressives for their progressive films. And producer intransigence has been somewhat modified by the pending investigations of the federal government into income tax evasions, monopolistic practices, block booking and racketeering unionism. With their high regard for publicity, producers hardly appreciate the unfavorable reports coming out of Hollywood that have been the rule since NLRB hearings have been held.

But whether the guild wins a complete victory in the present negotiations or not, writers in Hollywood are assuming a position they have not before held. They are ceasing to be morticians and are becoming doctors. The nature of their employment does not yet permit them to reach for the stars, but at least the crick in their back is straightening out.

ELLA WINTER.

Movie Week

James Dugan reviews the latest films. Other notes.

THE movies are making progress. After several successful pictures without women, MGM has made one without men. The labored ingenuity of *The Women* in suppressing every trace of the glum sex promises that the next logical step is overdue—a picture without actors. A friend of mine has offered a tentative plot. The first scene is a living room, with a door right into the kitchenette, and a door left into the bathroom. Wifey in kitchen-

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ette discusses matters with hubby in bath. Second act: bedroom in complete darkness. Wife and husband talking. Third scene: trenches with only bayonets and helmets showing. Last scene: graveyard with spirits discussing things. This extreme promises the final step—the elimination of the audience.

The Women belongs in the novelty division, along with *Snow White* and the three-dimensional movies in the Chrysler building at the Fair. Who would cross the street to see a drama about Joan Crawford stealing Norma Shearer's man? Or to see a fashion show? Yet Miss Boothe's gynococracy is built on these and some of the most witless humor ever copied down. *The Women* is a kind of mystery drama; you are straining on the edge of your seat to anticipate the next desperate device for keeping the men invisible. Once it is a long two shot in the pantry where the maid tells the cook of the family battles; again it is such clumsy dramatic conjunctions as a gossipy manicurist, newspaper clippings, and the baldest happenstance.

One of the first rules of satire is that the work should not reveal the foolishness of the author. *The Women,* a commentary on gossip, is mere gossip itself. Here are a pack of idle bourgeois women, a fine if depressing spectacle for a satirist. Miss Boothe's attitude toward them is one of spiteful tolerance; she is close enough to them to photograph their behavior, but too close to understand them. On the contrary, her attitude toward the shopgirl interloper (Joan Crawford) is one of deepest snobbery and suspicion, and the piece includes several extremely crude remarks about Negroes. If this is satire, or anything more than Park Avenue vulgarity, Henry Luce is a Communist.

SOVIET REVIEW

The best argument for Socialism, and aren't we all back in the original texts these days, is contained in the newsreels from the USSR now being shown at the Cameo. The Red Army, the first great liberating army of farmers and workers, is the subject of one essay. The Red Army is a great cultural institution, as well as a military democracy; these reels show its strength, knowledge and brotherhood. Other screen articles depict the universal, free, compulsory education of the Soviet peoples. It will give college students something to think about to see the Soviet collegian being paid to study, to see the amazing variety of technical and professional courses offered to all Soviet youth. Others show the operations of the meat combinat, the fishing trust, harvest on a collective farm, and a camera tour of the Hermitage, the magnificent museum in Leningrad. Little is printed here about the rediscovery of the past that is so much a part of Socialist culture; Soviet scholars have unearthed a new art of antiquity in their expeditions in Siberia and the East, gold and stone sculpture as sophisticated as Cretan or Assyrian art. Many soldiers and sailors are discovered in the Hermitage galleries. Point me out another army which

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would develop a curiosity about art in its rank and file. The only example I can recall is the unerring accuracy of Nazi and Italian avion in bombing the main rooms of the Prado, or the Japanese leveling the classic stones of China.

THE SCISSORBILLS CONFOUNDED

The French film *Harvest,* from the book by Jean Giono, has been released *in toto* since the State Board of Regents reversed the censors' ban. This is very good news and establishes a precedent for cheating the censors of future prey, especially when they proscribe films on political grounds. In reviewing *Harvest* some weeks ago I said that its undeveloped philosophy made it subject to fascist interpretations. A number of people have misunderstood me on this judgment; to them I point to a quote from my original review: "Giono is not a fascist. He is the perfect illustration of how refusing to think endears you to the Nazis." I have been informed that Giono has developed politically since the publication in 1932 of the book, *Regains,* from which the film has been made. He has joined the Association of Revolutionary Writers and Artists and has been outspoken against fascism. Without this assurance I can recommend the picture, as I thought I had in the original review. *Harvest* will open October 2 at the World Theatre.

NEWSREELS

After several weeks of rehashing old clips of war games, the newsreel companies have finally got some actual war stuff, official Nazi footage of the operations in Poland. The best, in the sense of the most utterly appalling, is the sight of the *Schleswig-Holstein* in Danzig Harbor, firing tracer shells at the Polish fortification, the Westerplatte. There's nothing a Nazi warship likes better than cannonading a bunch of milk bottles.

SCREEN ROUNDUP

A reeking bit of cash drawer dramaturgy has been confected by Ben Hecht for Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr. The theme of *Lady of the Tropics* is miscegenation, and, folks, it doesn't pay. That is, nobody but Ben Hecht. The mysterious, inscrutable East, personified in Miss Lamarr, *vs.* the obvious, nay, fatuous West, represented by Master Robert, provides Mr. Hecht's conflict. The typewriter is rapidly supplanting the kimono in the world's oldest profession. Mr. Hecht is an adept at racial slander; he has so far smeared the Indian in *Gunga Din,* the Jew in *A Jew in Love* and now the Chinese in *Lady of the Tropics.* Since the present European war he has been heard hoping aloud that the German will become the hunted race of tomorrow. I am not aware with which racial club Mr. Hecht has cast his own membership, but it must be a superior outfit indeed. It just goes to show what a wealth of interesting material there is lying around for the alert writer without any particular moral baggage.

JAMES DUGAN.

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